Four Trans-Atlantic Passenger Liners Pay Visits to Port of Boston Today

ANNUAL TOUR ON BRITANNIC HAS BIG LIST

Franconia, Cameronia and the Laconia Carry Bostonians; Catholic Sisters Go Abroad

Four trans-Atlantic passenger liners visit the port of Boston, today, bringing and taking away several hundred Greater Boston tourists.

White Star liner Britannic, from New York, for Galway, Queenstown and Liverpool, sails at two o'clock this afternoon from Commonwealth Pier, in South Boston, with 250 local passengers.

Cunarder Franconia, for a cruise to Saguenay, Quebec, St. Pierre and Bermuda, leaves pier 3, Cunard Docks, East Boston, two hours later with 178 tourists.

Cunard-Anchor liner Cameronia, from New York, for Belfast and Glasgow, sails from the same pier at 4 o'clock with 233 local tourists.

Cunarder Laconia, from Liverpool, Queenstown and Galway, en route to New York, with several hundred returning passengers for this port, arrives below at six o'clock, tonight, docking two hours later at pier 3, Cunard Docks, East Boston.

Sailing in the Britannic are F. J. Reuter, White Star line local manager, who leads a large party on his annual Labor Day tour; and the English woman tennis stars, Miss Betty Nuthall, Mrs. L. C. Mitchell, Miss Mary Heeley, Miss Dorothy Round, Miss Peggy Scriven, and Mrs. Fred James, with their manager, M. D. Horn.

Others include: Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Stearns, Boston; Stephen A. Kenleyan, Springfield; Dr. A. M. Hubbell, Mrs. Lina Pease, Boston; Rev. Francis J. McDonald, S. J., of the Boston College faculty; Mr. and Mrs. Lester Endler, Boston; R. B. Spaulding, Hingham; Mrs. J. Frederick Brown, Miss Fannie B. Seeley, Boston; Dr. J. H. French, Hingham, and F. H. Dillon, Boston.

Also Sister Mary Gerard Condon and Sister Mary Josephine Corry, of the Blessed Sacrament Convent, of Providence, with Misses Philomena Firo, Helen Hanley, Louise Cassidy and Patricia C. Wallis.

Also Mrs. Sarah J. Bowden, Oak Bluffs; Mrs. Sarah J. Davis, Miss M. Herman, Mrs. Caroline Edwards, Miss Florene Benson, Miss Katherin Dobbbins, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Summers, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carlson, Boston; Charles Clark, North Easton; Dr. Robert E. Getchell, Waltham; Dr. William L. Wilkinson, Mrs. Hannah Wilkinson, Boston; R. D. Bennett and Mrs. W. A. Bennett, Dedham.

Sailing in the Cunard-Anchor liner Cameronia will be Miss M. T. McKay, Boston; Miss Grace Anderson, Newton; Mrs. Agnes Campbell, Pawtucket; John W. McCallum, Chicago; E. Ferrell, Boston; Miss May Evans, Quincy; Miss Euphemia Miller, Glasgow; Miss H. B. Dummer, Rockport; Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Providence; Miss Marion Moore, Providence; James J. Hughes, Roxbury, and Mrs. Lottie Stewart, Boston.

Also Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. M. Gardner, R. F. L. Gardner, Miss Jean S. Gardner, Norwich, Vt.; Mrs. Florence A. Tannahill, Miss Marion Tannahill, Leominster; James Watt, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Wachtler, Webster; James Bendon, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, Springfield; Edward M. McMurray, Worcester; Miss Mary McGarva, Chicago; Mrs. Ellen A. Parker, Turner, Me.; Mrs. Annie Baxter, Miss Mary Baxter, New Bedford; Mrs. Margaret Patterson, Roxbury; and Mrs. Elizabeth Neil and Miss Marion Neil, Dorchester.

Also Miss Mary Graham, Springfield; Mrs. Mary Burke, William and James Burke, South Boston; Mrs. Mary Vidler, Robert Vidler, Boston; Mrs. Janet B. Parks, North Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. James Mill, Worcester; Charles E. Warley, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Smith, Brockton, John J. Kelly, Providence; Walter Morrison, Lynn; Samuel English, Holyoke; William J. Rutledge, Brockton; Henry A. Nugent, Nahant; Robert B. Frazer, Providence; and William Robinson, Weston.

World's Fair Tours Listed in September

On Sept. 2, 9, 16 and 30, the Jos. M. Shea Tourist Co. of Boston will operate a series of tours to the World's Fair at Chicago, via Buffalo, Lake Erie steamers to Detroit and thence to Chicago.

At Chicago accommodations will be provided at hotels in the Loop and on Lake Shore drive. These tours are arranged on an all-expense basis.

Stopovers are allowed at Detroit to visit Father Coughlin's Shrine of the Little Flower and at Cleveland, Niagara Falls, Albany and other main line points.

American Ship Line Feted on Success

New York, Aug. 26—Amid American flags in a festive setting, members and friends of the American Export Line gathered on board the S.S. Exochorda to celebrate the termination of the eighth year restricted period placed by the government in August 21, and to congratulate President Hewey Herbermann and his associates on the record made in a trying period of world's shipping ills

Trio Take Sky Route to Vacationland

MARY V. O'CONNOR of Medford, Mary M. Daley of Cohasset and Edith B. Fogg of Swampscott shown at East Boston airport as they hopped off for Bangor in a Boston & Maine R. R. passenger plane, operating in the new air service to Penobscot Bay and other Maine cities. (Sunday Advertiser Photo.)

WEEK ADDED ON NIAGARA TRIPS

The Canada Steamship Lines will extend the season of its "Niagara to the Sea" services for one week, according to G. C. Fletcher, passenger traffic manager in Boston.

Instead of terminating the season on Sept. 10, as originally scheduled, service will now be continued to Sept. 17.

A number of steamer trips are included in this service. Among them are trips between Niagara Falls and Toronto and between Toronto and Montreal. The latter, a favorite, includes a cruise across Lake Ontario, down the St. Lawrence river, past the Thousand Islands, with a daylight sail through the Rapids.

Perhaps the most popular is the trip from Montreal to Quebec and the Saguenay river. Because of the demand for this trip it has been decided to add an additional all-expense, personally-escorted tour to those already scheduled for the season. This special tour will leave on the week-end following Labor Day.

Hamburg Line Adds South America Ship

The Boston office of the Hamburg-American Line announced that, in addition to the two new motorships Caribia and Cordillera, the motorship Magdalena will re-enter the Hamburg-Central America service. The line will offer almost fortnightly passenger service to Central American ports.

New Haven Will Run New York Excursion

The New Haven R. R. will run a round-trip excursion to New York City, leaving South Station Saturday, Sept. 2, at 11 p. m., standard time, and returning from New York late Monday night, Sept. 4.

Port of Boston

Atlantic coast Eastport to Sandy Hook Fresh westerly winds over the southern portion and fresh northwest shifting to westerly over the northern portion. Weather fair tonight and Sunday.

ARRIVALS

EVVIVA (Nor.), Haaland, Sagua La Grande; South Boston.

BLACK HAWK, Wheeler, Philadelphia; berth 9, Army Base.

CANADIAN CHALLENGER (Br.), Wilson, Australian ports, New York; berth 5, Army Base.

CITY OF WORCESTER (Br.), Harris, Calcutta, New York; Pier 4, East Boston.

EVANGELINE, Brown, Yarmouth, N. S.; Central Wharf.

J. A. MAFFETT, Jr., Corpus Christi; Everett.

CITIES SERVICE KANSAS, Beaumont, Tex.; Braintree.

ELIZABETH, Houston, Tex.; South Boston.

DORCHESTER, Jones, Philadelphia; pier 2, Northern Ave.

BOSTON, Allen, New York; India Wharf.

HARRY BOWEN, Norfolk; Mystic Wharf.

BELFAST, Rawley, Bangor, Penobscot River; Foster Wharf.

EASTERN PRINCE, Brewer, Portland; Commercial Wharf.

L. T. C. No. 3 (motor barge), Leman, Fall River; Chelsea.

IOWAN, Pacific coast ports, New York, Philadelphia; Commonwealth pier.

SAILINGS

CITY OF CAMBRIDGE (Br.), St. John, N. B., Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Karachi, Bombay, Colombo, Madras, Rangoon, Calcutta, Newport News, Philadelphia, Norfolk, New Orleans, Houston, Galveston.

SAGE BRUSH, New Bedford.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS, Savannah, New York.

OZARK, Charleston, Jacksonville.

CHATHAM, Norfolk, Baltimore.

DORCHESTER, Philadelphia.

BOSTON, New York.

BELFAST, Bangor, Penobscot River ports.

EASTERN PRINCE, Portland, Me.

JULIA LUCKENBACH, Pacific coast ports, New York.

ARDMORE, New York.

BLACK HAWK, Antwerp.

KENTUCKIAN, Pacific coast ports, Wilmington, Philadelphia, New York.

DUE TODAY

BRITANNIC (Br.), New York; Commonwealth Pier, South Boston.

CAMERONIA (Br.), New York; Cunard Pier, East Boston.

CITY OF SAVANNAH, Savannah, New York; Pier 42, Hoosac.

FALSTERBO (Swed.), Gothenburg; Pier 44, Hoosac.

FRANCONIA (Br.), Havana, Nassau, Bermuda, New York; Cunard Pier, East Boston.

LACONIA (Br.), Liverpool, Cobh, Galway; Cunard Pier, East Boston.

NEW YORK, New York; India Wharf.

SAINT JOHN, St. John, N. B.; India Wharf.

SEVERANCE, Norfolk; Everett.

WEST KEBAR, West Africa ports; Pier 3, East Boston.

YARMOUTH, Yarmouth, N. S.; Central Wharf.

UNITED FRUIT IN AIR PACT

A reciprocal agreement was signed by the United Fruit Co., operators of the Great White Fleet to the Caribbean and Panama, and the Pan-American Airways System, whose 26,000 miles of airways link the United States with 31 countries of the West Indies, Central and South America, according to an announcement made by W. M. Penick, passenger traffic manager of the United Fruit Co.

Under the agreement, the offices of the United Fruit Co. and of Pan-American, in Latin America as well as throughout the United States, will be mutually representative of the two transportation systems. Inter-change of passengers and express between the airliners and the ships of the Great White Fleet will be made.

Provision is made whereby shipments of heavy baggage of air passengers will be carried by the steamers, making possible a system for routing trunks and heavy articles of luggage which, due to capacity of the airliners, often cannot be carried with the passengers.

New Englanders Off on World Cruise Ship

When the Dollar liner S. S. President Harrison sailed from New York on last Thursday, the vessel began its 238th round-the-world cruise of that line. The President Harrison will call at 22 ports and travel about 26,000 miles.

New Englanders aboard are:

Mrs. George S. Schloss, Miss Grace Marie Schloss and Phillip Calvin Schloss, Brookline; Mrs. Louise F. O'Regan and W. Vincent O'Regan, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. F. E. Lamson, Miss Pauline Lamson, Mrs. Frances McCormick, William J. McCormick and Miss Elizabeth West, Boston, and Mrs. M. Hartmann and Robin M. Hartmann, West Roxbury.

FACTION SEEKS SISSON'S HEAD IN G. O. P. WAR

Federal Judge Letts Urged to Run Against Felix Herbert for U. S. Senator

Providence, R. I., Aug. 27—Led by a group of insurgent Republicans, a campaign is underway to dethrone former Assistant Atty. General Charles P. Sisson as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and to name James G. Connelly, former lieutenant governor, to the position.

In addition the progressives are attempting to encourage Federal Judge Ira Lloyd Letts to become the Republican candidate for the U. S. Senate instead of Felix Hebert of West Warwick, now in office. They will ask Hebert to run on the Republican ticket for governor.

Political leaders in all parts of the state have come out openly against Sisson and his backers. The former government prosecutor who replaced William C. Pelkey as head of the State Central Committee, has been in hot water since he took over the office more than a yar ago.

Connelly bolted when refused a nomination for governor in place of Norman S. Case, who was defeated for re-election by Gov. Green.

The Blackstone Valley delegation supporting the candidacy of Connelly refused to aid the G. O. P. ticket. The greatest Democratic landslide in 20 years was recorded in the district.

In an effort to bring Connelly and his followers back to the fold, he was named law revision commissioner, a job which pays $6000 annually. Even this failed to bring the Blackstone Valley delegation back in line.

Sen. William H. Vanderbilt is said to have joined forces with Connelly and both are bidding for the assistance of the Lincoln Republican organization which has not been so friendly to the state regulars, led by Frederick S. Peck, finance commissioner.

State Sen. Russell H. Handy of Lincoln, has refused to follow the Peck leadership several times. He is believed to be able to swing the Lincoln group to the Connelly forces.

Many Republican leaders are said to be seeking a change in party leadership because of the poor financial condition of the organization.

The Franco-Americans are divided on the question of having Hebert step down for Judge Letts. Some feel that with his name at the head of the state ticket it will carry more weight than if it was offered by the U. S. senatorship.

Hebert is said to have the backing of Finance Commissioner Peck for renomination. For this reason insurgents are sending out "feelers" to determine whether he can be "tossed around" without offending the Franco-American vote.

Judge Letts, presiding justice of the Federal Court, has made no statement, although he is said to know that there are many working in his interest to obtain the nomination for the U. S. Senatorship.

Itkins of Los Angeles Are Entertained

Mrs. Rose Itkin and daughter Miss Fanny Itkin, of Los Angeles have been visiting Mrs. Itkin's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Morris J. Itkin of Whittemore rd., Newton, for the past few weeks. This is their first visit to the East for several years. While here they were entertained at numerous teas and bridge parties. On leaving Boston they were given a royal sendoff by a large delegation of friends and relatives.

Puzzling Problems of NRA Code Solved

The Boston Sunday Advertiser herewith publishes a series of "sample" questions submitted to the NRA authorities here, together with the official answers. The queries deal with the code problems of many men in many lines. You may find the answer to the inquiry you yourself were about to make in the answers listed below.

Q.—I am in the retail lumber business. What are the hours and wages for us?

A.—The minimum wages are $20 in the eastern states. Maximum hours are 40 per week, with exceptions for emergencies and seasonal rush periods.

* * *

Q.—I work for a wholesale hardware company. What should my hours and wages be under the code? We have a Blue Eagle.

A.—You should not work more than 40 hours, except during rush periods when you may work 48 hours. However, the hours in a rush period should not exceed 120 hours in six months. You minimum wage is $14.

* * *

Q.—I am a barber and have no employes. How many hours can I work?

A.—A new interpretation of the barber's code states that barbers can work only 48 hours a week. This includes owners if they are actually engaged in barbering. You must keep open at least 52 hours a week.

* * *

Q.—I work in a robe manufacturing plant. What are my hours under the code?

A.—You have a maximum work week of 40 hours. No more than eight hours in any one day.

Q—What is the minimum wage for a woman working in a chewing gum manufacturing plant?

A.—The minimum wage is 40 cents an hour.

* * *

Q—I am employed in a file manufacturing plant. Is there any difference in wages between men and women under our code?

A.—Yes. The minimum wages are 35 cents an hour for male employes and 30 cents an hour for female employes. The maximum work week of 40 hours, however, applies both to men and women.

* * *

Q—I work in a factory where we make high grade velvet. What should our hours and wages be and when does it go into effect?

A—The minimum wage is 32½ cents an hour. The maximum hours are 40 a week for office employes and factory workers. This goes into effect Sept. 16.

* * *

Q—I work in an iron foundry. What should my hours be?

A—Your maximum hours are 40 a week, averaged over an eight-week period.

* * *

Q. I am employed in a drug label and box featory. What should my hours be under the code?

A. A 40 hour a week maximum.

Q. I work in a factory where brushes are manufactured. What should my hours and wages be under the NRA?

A. A 40 hour work week, averaged over an eight week period. The minimum wages are [illegible] cents an hour.

Q. I work for a cutlery manufacturer. What should my hours and wages be?

A. You have a maximum work week of 40 hours. The minimum wage is 40 cents an hour for factory employes and $15 a week for "white collar" workers.

Q. Is there anything new on the code for wholesale optical workers?

A. Yes. The minimum wages are now $16 a week, with a 40 hour maximum work week.

Q. I work for a butter manufacturer. How many hours a week can I work and what are the minimum wages?

A. You are allowed a 48 hour week. An exception is allowed for 10 per cent of the employes for 16 weeks but there is an absolute maximum of 10 hours a day for fresh production.

Q—I am a mechanical worker in a jewelry manufacturing plant. What should my minimum wages be under the code?

A—Your minimum wages are 32½ cents an hour.

Q—I work for a business equipment and supply company. What should my hours and wages be under the code?

A—You have a 40-hour work week. Factory employes may average their time over a 10-week period.

Q—What are the hours and wages in the pickle packing industry?

A—A 40-hour week for all employes except factory warehouse workers who are alloed 42 hours. Power plant employes are allowed 44 hours and employes in wholesale or retail distribution 48 hours. The minimum wage is 30 cents an hour.

Q—I am an assistant in a doctor's office, and am interested in the NRA. Is it true that professional men are exempt from the code?

A—Professional men are not required to join the NRA but they may do so if they desire.

* * *

Q — I am a mechanical worker and used to have a 44-hour week. Since the code went into effect our hours were reduced to 40 and our pay was reduced. Is this a violation of the code?

* * *

A—Yes. Section 7 of the President's agreement states clearly that wages are not to be reduced, even if the number of hours is reduced.

CHICAGO
ROUND TRIP RAIL EXCURSION TICKET $24.50
Next special trains leave Sept. 2, 16 and 30. Send for Chicago circular.
COLPITTS TOURS
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CALIFORNIA
AND RETURN . . . . . FROM NEW YORK
For as low as $123.75
Steamer to NEW ORLEANS; thence SUNSET LIMITED
One way, as low as $70.70
Sailings on Sept. 6th and 27th
Ask for detailed information
SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP LINES
E. S. Leavitt, General Agent
294 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
'Phone Liberty 5887

Newlyweds Off on Cruise

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD G. KERN, who was Betty Conlon, sailed on the liner Lady Nelson for Bermuda on their honeymoon. Mr. Kern is Boston director of the Rodney E. Boone Organization of the Hearst newspapers. (Sunday Advertiser Photo.)

EUROPE MEETS DOLLAR DROP

New York, Aug. 26—European hotels, railroads and other companies interested in tourist business have made special rates that offset the depreciation in the U. S. dollar, and avoid penalizing American travelers because of the currency fluctuations, according to Malcolm La Prade, official of Thomas Cook & Son-Wagon-Lits, Inc., who has just returned from Europe.

Mr. La Prade said that even the first class hotels in such fashionable resorts as Cannes and Biarritz now are offering "en pension" arrangements to bring the cost of comfortable living, including room with bath and meals, to less than five dollars per day.

Also the French railways, by means of mileage tickets, special round trip tickets and family or group tickets, have materially reduced the cost of travel, he said.

"American travelers who take advantage of these special arrangements, which should be worked out carefully in advance, may still tour the gold-standard countries economically in spite of the dollar depreciation," Mr. La Prade said.

"The French Riviera, the resorts of the Basque Coast and the famous thermal resorts, such as Vichy, Evian-les-Bains and Vittel, are well filled this summer and have a good number of American visitors."

Nantucket Bound Sloop Is Missing

Unreported since a week ago last Friday, when she left Mansquan, N. J., bound for Nantucket, with three men aboard, the black sloop Postscript, 23 feet long, was still missing late last night. Mariners are requested to notify Capt. Byron McCandless, U. S. N., Boston, if she is sighted.

LABOR DAY
WEEK-END
CRUISE
Three Days $18 Covers All Expenses
Including meals and stateroom accommodation aboard ship during the entire voyage and at New York, also sightseeing.
Nowhere Else Will a Few Vacation Dollars Buy So Much Good Time
All the delights and benefits of ocean travel, and a service second to none.
ORCHESTRA
Lv. Boston, Sat., Sept. 2, 4 P. M. (D. S. T.)
Ret. due Boston, Tues., Sept. 5, 8 A. M. (D. S. T.)
For additional information and reservations, apply to
OCEAN STEAMSHIP CO. of Savannah
Pier 42, Hoosac Tunnel Docks, Boston, Mass.
Or Authorized Tourist Agencies
SAVANNAH LINE

CAPT. STEDMAN AWARDED CROSS

The United States Lines office here has just received word from Congressman Wigglesworth of the 14th District that President Roosevelt has conferred on Capt. Giles C. Stedman the Navy Cross for distinguished service as commanding officer of the American Merchant in the rescue of 22 members of the crew of the British freighter, Exeter City, sinking in mid-Atlantic, Jan. 20.

Capt. Stedman's seamanship and judgment were declared "of the highest order and in accordance with the best tradition of naval service."

Guatemalan Trip Added to Cruise

A new inland trip has been added to the list of shore excursions in Central America, offered in connection with the Grace Line's cruises between New York, California, and Puget Sound. The trip is the rail-motor trip from San Jose to Fallin, Antigua, ancient capital of Gautemala, and Guatemala City, the present capital.

NANTUCKET TO FETE END OF SUMMER LIFE

Yachting, Fancy Dress, Concerts Among the Features; Many Stay Over Labor Day

Nantucket, Aug. 26—A brilliant program of social and club events which will extend beyond Labor Day and wind up the season, has been prepared for the summer colony and week-end guests.

The number of visitors here during the season has been one of the largest in years. Indications are that a majority of them will remain after the holiday when the season officially closes.

For the 78th annual cattle show and fair Tuesday and Wednesday, horse racing was held. With eight horses direct from the New England circuit, added to the locally owned steeds, there was interest all the way through.

On Wednesday afternoon, the "Society Horse" show was held under the direction of Miss Wilhelmine Kirby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Town Kirby of New York.

Competitive sports were held for the boys and girls and prizes were distributed with a lavish hand to winners.

On Friday evening, in Sconset, the Casino held its annual costume party, a red and white ball. Musicians in Gus Bently's band, decorations and costumes were red and white.

The Chanticlere served several dinner parties before the affair, and tables were set around the dance floor for these who were early in getting their reservations.

The grand march was held early and prizes were given out directly thereafter.

Later a few impromptu acts were done by members of the Casino and their friends, under the direction of J. Gibbs Penrose of New York.

The party was under the direction of Mrs. Ripley Nelson.

On Monday evening, was held the annual costume party at the Yacht Club. It was known as "The New Deal Party" and costumes ran along the Roosevelt ideas and ideals.

Alexander Hagner's new [illegible] meter yacht Thoroughbred has won her last two races for the glory of the Nantucket Yacht Club.

The Thoroughbred was built in Norway last winter for Mr. Hagner.

Big French Liner Costly Investment

Paris Aug. 26 (INS)—The monster French line, "Normandie," now under construction, is going to raise a very delicate problem, according to Mr. Frot, Minister of Mercantile Marine. It is costing about $45,000,000 to build and will need another $2,000,000 per year to operate.

"I do not know how it will be made to pay," says the French Minister.

Cruise Passengers to View Bali Rites

Exotic religious rites and festivals on the island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies will be among spectacles to be seen by passengers on the world cruise of the big liner Empress of Britain, which will sail from New York, Jan. 4, 1934.

$2 TO NEW YORK
Finest Coaches on the Road
Leave 309 Tremont St., at Broadway, Daily
9 A.M.—1 P.M.—10 P.M. and 12 Midnight
Tickets Sold All Day. HANcock 7307
HUB MOTOR COACH LINE, Inc.
Take TREMONT ST. SUBWAY CAR at Park St. and Get Off at BROADWAY.

This Summer...
SEE NEW YORK FROM A NEW ANGLE!
Why not stay at The Ritz Tower, where you'll recognize well-known names whose tastes are no less discerning than your own? Super-smart midtown shops are close at hand, and all New York's myriad summer amusements within easy reach! And our special midsummer rates give you all our mid-season luxury at an appreciable reduction.

The Ritz Tower
PARK AVENUE

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, Aug. 27, 1933

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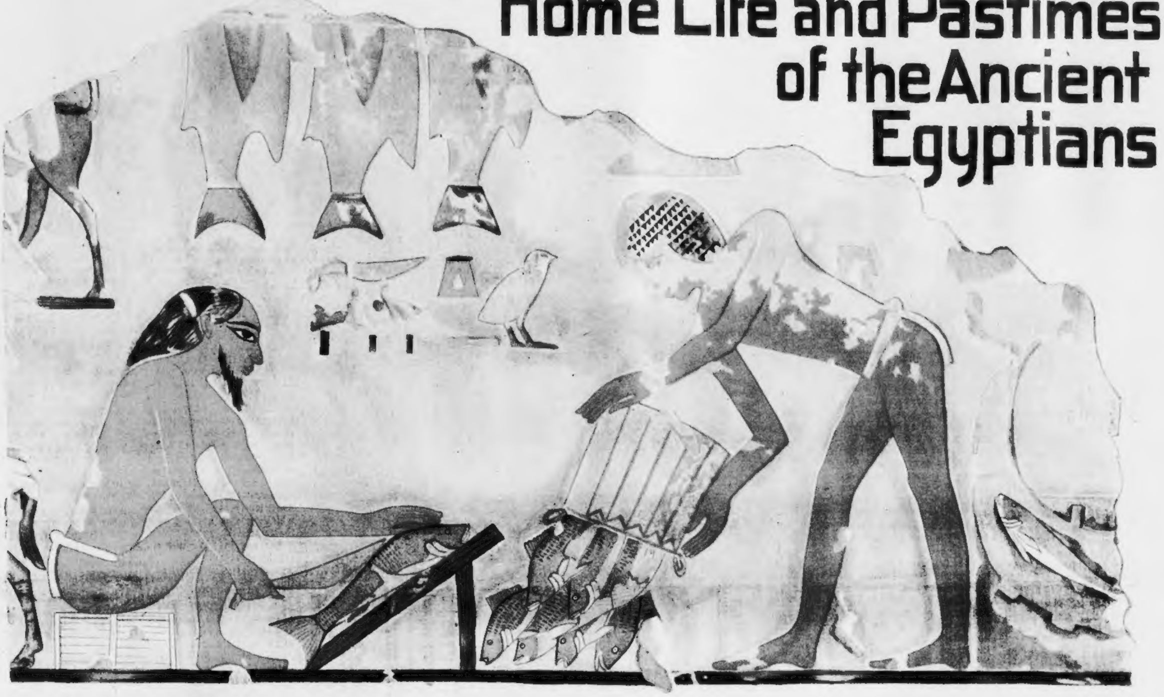
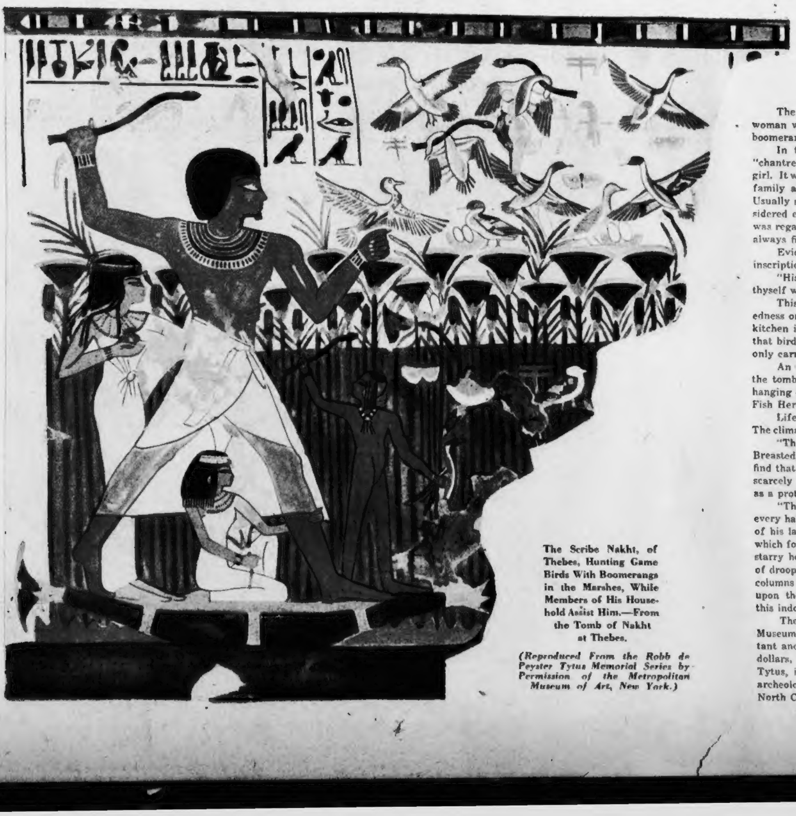
Home Life and Pastimes of the Ancient Egyptians



Unusually Modernistic Picture of an Ancient Egyptian Fish Store. Underneath the Upper Row and Just Above the Hands of the Squatting Figure Is a Sign Which Would Read Today Something Like This: "Fresh Fish Here for the Home."—From the Tomb of Puyemre at Thebes.



The Scribe Nakht, of Thebes, Hunting Game Birds With Boomerangs in the Marshes, While Members of His Household Assist Him.—From the Tomb of Nakht at Thebes.

(Reproduced From the Robb de Peyster Tytus Memorial Series by Permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

WHILE it would hardly seem that hunting could be called "home life," the Egyptian tomb paintings more frequently than not show the whole family out enjoying the sport. The interesting picture at the bottom of the page is from the tomb of the Scribe Nakht, who lived about 1,400 B. C. As was considered proper at the time, the large figure is that of the head of the household himself. He stands in a light papyrus skiff, aiming his ebony boomerangs at the birds.

The squatting figure who grasps Nakht's leg is probably his oldest daughter; the woman who holds him by the waist is his wife, Tawi. A servant hands him another boomerang.

In the hieroglyphics accompanying the scene, Nakht's wife is described as a "chantress of Amon." This means that she must have been an exceptionally beautiful girl. It was the custom of the time to pick the prettiest daughter in every noble Theban family and add her to "the harem of Amon," who was the highest god at Thebes. Usually she joined the harem when she was about fifteen. Their lives would be considered even today as unconventional in the extreme. When she was twenty-five she was regarded as too old to please the god. But so great was the honor that she could always find a rich husband.

Evidently Tawi had been one of these, for they are called "chantresses" in the inscriptions, and the text above the scene reads:

"His (Nakht's) sister, the chantress of Amon, the house mistress Tawi, says, 'Amuse thyself with field-sports; the water-fowl has his moment (of death) reckoned for him.'"

This curious philosophical observation may have been due to some tender-heartedness on the part of Nakht. Maybe he did not enjoy killing birds, so Tawi, with her kitchen in mind, like a careful housewife, was stiffening his spine by reminding him that birds, like men, have their appointed moment of death, and that therefore he was only carrying out the decree of destiny.

An unusually modernistic painting is that of an ancient Egyptian fish store from the tomb of a gentleman named Puyemre, also at Thebes. Beneath the three fishes hanging on the wall is a sign which today would read almost exactly like this: "Fresh Fish Here for the Home."

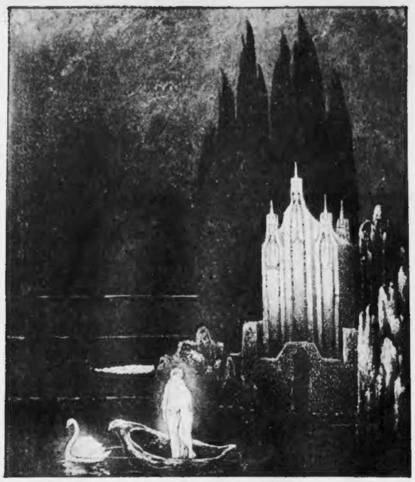
Life for the Egyptian of wealth in the age illustrated here was quite delightful. The climate was the healthiest in the known world, never cold and never unbearably hot.

"The house where his dinner awaits him is large and commodious," says Professor Breasted, "built of sun-dried brick and wood. Light and airy, as suits the climate, we find that it has many latticed windows on all sides. The walls of the living rooms are scarcely more than a frame to support gayly colored hangings, which can be let down as a protection against winds and sand-storms when necessary.

"These give the house a very bright and cheerful aspect. Beauty surrounds us on every hand as we follow the master in to his dinner. The lotus blossoms on the handle of his large spoon, and his wine sparkles in the deep blue calyx of the same flower, which forms the bowl of his wineglass. The painted ceiling over his head is a blue and starry heaven resting upon palm trunk columns, each crowned with its graceful tuft of drooping foliage carved in wood and colored in the dark green of the living tree; or columns in the form of lotus stalks rise from the floor as if to support the azure ceiling upon their swaying blossoms. Doves and butterflies exquisitely painted flit across this indoor sky."

The illustrations are from four remarkable volumes issued by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, describing the paintings in a group of the most important ancient Theban tombs. The printing of these volumes cost many thousands of dollars, and was made possible by a fund given for that purpose by Mrs. Charlotte M. Tytus, in memory of her son, Robb de Peyster Tytus, who himself had conducted archeological work in Thebes, Egypt. Mr. Tytus was an American, born in Asheville, North Carolina.

Weird Paintings of "An Unknown Planet"



"The Castle of the Swan," by Biegas, the Famous Parisian Painter, a Weird Picture Combining Mythology, Imagery and Astronomy. The Figures Are Leda and Jupiter in an Idyll Before a Jewelled Castle, the Scenery Being "Borrowed" From An Unknown Planet.

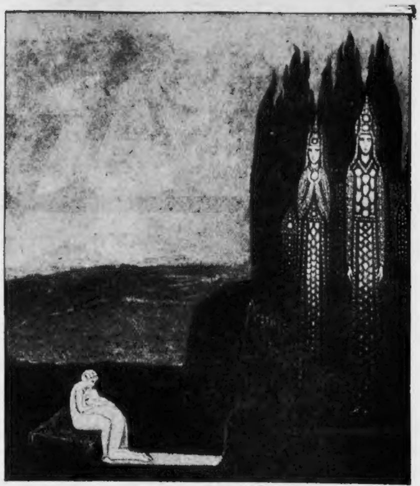
THE studios of Paris are inhabited by many artists who have abandoned the orthodox style and the usual portraits, landscapes and seascapes of the "old school" painters to create bizarre and fantastic canvases from their imagination.

Among the more recent productions of this sort are several strange and fascinating paintings by the well-known artist Biegas which have caused something of a stir among critics, art lovers and people who make no pretensions to an appreciation of "imagistic" art. Two of these pictures are reproduced on this page.

The painting at the left is called "The Castle of the Swan" and it is remarkable for two reasons—because it presents a new and highly individualistic version of the old legend of Leda and the Swan, in which Jupiter changed himself into a swan to win the affection of Leda, and because the scenery in the painting is like nothing in heaven or on earth. The artist himself explains that he painted the setting for the characters feeling vaguely that he had, somehow, captured a bit of landscape from another planet.

This strange mystic spell was still upon him, evidently, when he transferred to canvas the unusual picture shown at the right of the page. This is called the "Chateau de Conciliation." Against a background of trees like black flames and a jeweled edifice with towers fashioned in the form of female figures, a mother is embracing her daughter. This picture, according to M. Biegas, illustrates a legend in which the mother and the daughter were both in love with the same man. While the man lived they were bitter toward each other, but when he died they were driven together by the depth of their grief.

Both pictures are chiefly striking because of the scenery, which is unearthly and, perhaps, a good guess as to how things are on Mars, or Jupiter, or some other of the planets that whirl about the sun. The artist, who is known to be an extremely sensitive and imaginative fellow, explains, for the benefit of those who are confused by what he's trying to depict, that his paintings are partly based on legends but that he has been free with the myths and infused more than a little of his own imagination to achieve the effect of infinite isolation and peace which he sought as an atmosphere for the figures in the canvases.



"Chateau De Conciliation," Another Striking Picture by Biegas, Showing Mother and Daughter As Rivals In a Love Affair, Reconciling After the Lover's Death. The Painting Illustrates An Old Legend, But the Scenery Here, Too, Is Imagined As of Another World.

Beach Keeno for Tan-Seekers

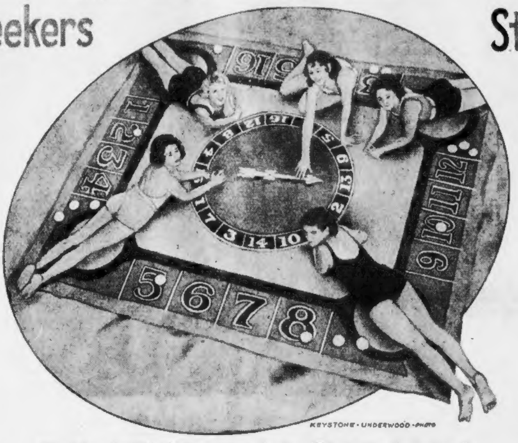
THIS is a restless age in which even those fortunate individuals who have the leisure to spend long hours in the sun beside the sea find it difficult to relax. They crave diversion to occupy their minds even while they are soaking up the sunshine and breathing in the invigorating salt air.

The photograph at the right shows a bevy of California bathing beauties combating boredom on the sands washed by the blue Pacific. The game they are playing is called Keeno and, as the picture shows, it can be indulged in with a minimum of physical effort. The playing surface is so designed that it can be laid on the sand and the contestants are provided with spaces at the corners of the big square of cloth on which they can stretch out at full length while they amuse themselves by watching the "banker" spin the arrow.

Keeno is a pastime on the order of roulette, except that an arrow takes the place of the little white ball and numbers painted on the edge of the square serve for the more complicated array of numbers in the well-known gambling game.

While the players loll about in comfortable positions, with the sun deepening their coats of tan the while, they take turns placing markers on the numbers. The banker—in the picture she's the girl who is sitting up and not occupying one of the corners—does most of the work. After all the bets are placed she gives the arrow a twirl and then everyone settles down to wait for the arrow to stop. The player who is fortunate enough to have markers on the same number on which the point of the arrow comes to rest, wins. The others lose.

It is said that although most of the Keeno addicts on the Pacific Coast indulge in the simple outdoor game for the sheer fun of having something to occupy their minds while they are sunning themselves, others take the game seriously and, if they have the money, play for high stakes. In the course of an afternoon's sport, a player with a bad run of luck can lose several hundred dollars—which adds considerably to the cost of putting on that becoming brown color.



Fair Bathers In California Passing Away the Time While Soaking Up Sunshine By Playing Keeno On a Huge Beach Board.

State Honors Its Official Liar

WHEN Phil McCarty, of Denver, was a little boy—and even when he was not so little—his folks admonished him against telling fibs and warned him against the penalties, parental and social, that were inflicted upon people who wilfully stretched and fractured the truth. To be a success in life, the lad was informed, one must stick more or less consistently to statements which were in keeping with the facts.

Success, in a manner of speaking, recently came to Mr. McCarty, when, of all things, the Governor of Colorado appointed him the State's official liar. This honor—and it actually is looked upon as an honor—came on the heels of McCarty's elevation to the position of "America's Champion Liar" by the members of the Burlington, Wisconsin, Liars' Club.

"For some time," said Governor Johnson, when he created the job of official liar and named McCarty for the post, "I have felt that too much lying was being done at the State House and that I ought to cut it down—the lying, not the State House. Hereafter one man will, I hope, do all our lying for us. If he can't do it the way we want it done, then we'll get someone else who can. I believe, however, I have picked the right man for this difficult position."

In the minds of many Coloradoans there was an amusing and sly note in the Governor's unusual appointment, because McCarty was, at one time, a member of the State Legislature.

The official liar, with the remarkable poise of those who make a business of spinning tall yarns that have little or no basis in truth was unflustered by the Governor's announcement that the new State job would carry with it a salary of $1 a year and that he would pay this sum out of his own pocket—if he had any money left when the Legislature got through with its economy program.

"The Governor needs the money worse than I do," said McCarty, in accepting his new job, "so I can't accept the salary. The honor is enough. I'm a little afraid, however, that as a State official I'll have to do so much lying that I'll get bored with stretching the truth."

Odd Forms of Dancing—London's Way of Solving the "Wallflower" Problem

EVERY year hundreds of people from all over the British Isles make a sort of pleasant pilgrimage to Cockenzie, Scotland, to enjoy one of the strangest dance festivals to be found anywhere in the world. Oddly enough the gathering is called the "Fishermen's Walk," although there is very little walking done while the affair is in progress.

It is at this annual conclave of the Scottish seamen and their sturdy pink-cheeked women folk that the spirited folk dances of the Scotch seacoast are kept alive, for the sake of tradition and to the whole-hearted enjoyment of the participants and the spectators.

During the "walk" a hundred different dances—some of them "round" and some of them "square"—are performed. Old and young, male and female put on their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and abandon themselves in jigs, reels and hornpipes.

The photograph at the left of the page shows one of the oldest and most unusual of the dances. It is a curious combination of square dancing and round dancing in which two couples take part.

At times the dancers are apart, gingerly stepping backward and forward and moving across each other as in the "ladies change" movement of certain American square dances familiar to many members of the so-called older generation. At other times the dancers get together in a kind of four-handed ring-around-a-rosy and, at the vigorous climax of the dance, the girls cling tightly to the necks of their husky seagoing partners while they are swung around dizzily with their feet off the ground and their striped skirts flying.

It was while one of the officials of the British Board of Ballroom Dancing was watching this old Scottish reel that an idea flashed into his head for the solution of the "wallflower problem" which exists all over England, and especially in the big cities like London and Liverpool, where the population is preponderantly feminine.

The English, like people in this country, like to dance, but since the days of the World War, in which Great Britain lost so many hundred thousand men, social dancing has been something of a problem in that country. There just weren't men enough to go around and unless many of the young women danced with each other, they were forced into the unhappy role of wallflower.

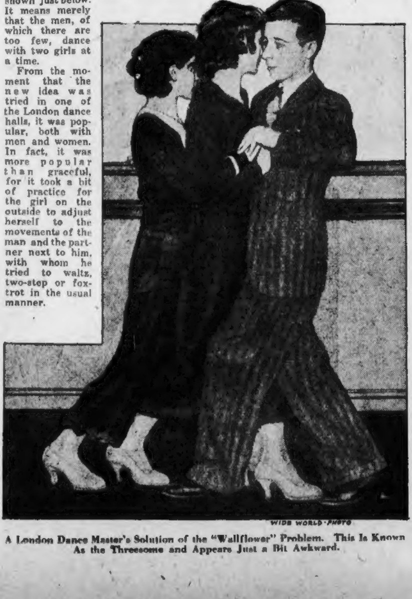
In the United States, for example, there was, in 1930, about 62,137,000 males and 60,637,000 females. A census taken in the British Isles in 1931 showed that in England and Wales there were only about 19,000,000 males and nearly 21,000,000 females. From these figures, it is easy to see why social dancing in London, Liverpool and Manchester is something of an ordeal for the girls.

When the dancing master from the British capital saw the broad-shouldered fishermen moving in pairs with another pair of laughing young women spinning about them he visioned what has come to be called "threesome" dancing, a photograph of which is shown just below. It means merely that the men, of which there are too few, dance with two girls at a time.

From the moment that the new idea was tried in one of the London dance halls, it was popular, both with men and women. In fact, it was more popular than graceful, for it took a bit of practice for the girl on the outside to adjust herself to the movements of the man and the partner next to him, with whom he tried to waltz, two-step or fox-trot in the usual manner.

However, with practice the double-up arrangement worked out all right and the girls have learned the knack of getting over the floor with agile grace whether they are next to the man, or once removed from him.

One of the Sets In a Vigorous Reel at the Annual Fisherman's Dance at Cockenzie, Near Edinburgh, Scotland.



A London Dance Master's Solution of the "Wallflower" Problem. This Is Known As the Threesome and Appears Just a Bit Awkward.

Entire City Block Is Moved

ONE of the most remarkable engineering jobs done in this country in many years was performed in the business section of Toledo, Ohio, a few weeks ago when an entire city block, consisting of 14 buildings of brick and stone, was moved back from the street line 15 feet while the occupants of the buildings carried on business as usual.

The actual moving required only 12 hours but, of course, this job was preceded by several weeks of preparation. Excavations had to be dug and new foundations laid on the new locations of the buildings. Then a temporary wide strip of concrete had to be put down and equipped with many tons of steel rails. Seventeen hundred steel rollers were placed between the rails and the bottoms of the buildings so that they could be pushed slowly and safely on their ambitious journey of 15 feet.

The pushing was done by huge jacks—16 of them—and with the power of giant fists they exerted their pressure against the 14 buildings, forcing them back inch by inch until they were directly over their new foundations.

So cleverly was the job planned and done that the merchants and professional men occupying the structures went quietly on about their business. Some of them didn't even know that they had been moved until the job was over, because the powerful jacks forced their 2,500,000-pound burden backward so slowly and smoothly that there was practically no vibration.

Mr.Bowen's Bitter Experience With The Hostetter Heiress

Latest Romance of the Greenwich Village Sandwich Seller (First Wealthy Wife a Suicide—Second Died on Her Honeymoon) Wrecked After a Night of Reno Revelry

Miriam Hostetter Young, Heiress to the Bitters Millions, Who Was Mr. Bowen's Fiancee Before He Was Jailed for Punching Her.

INTER'L PHOTO

The Hostetter Heiress on Horseback, as She Appeared Around Reno While Awaiting Her Divorce.

Lorna Mallinson Bowen, Bowen's First Wife, Who Killed Herself by Leaping From an Apartment House Window.

INTER'L PHOTO

Eugene Bowen, Who Fascinates Heiresses but Cannot Keep Them, on a Dude Ranch in Nevada.

Alberta Burton Bowen, His Second Wife, Who Died Suddenly During the Honeymoon on the Romantic Isle of Pines.

NOW that Eugene Bowen, former sandwich shop proprietor, is out of Reno jail, after serving sixteen days for blacking the beautiful eyes of the Hostetter heiress, his third very rich fiancee, will he be able to explain, square everything and marry her after all?

It is quite possible, if he can only catch up with one of the pink little ears which go with the eyes he is said to have punched.

Mr. Bowen has a persuasive way with heiresses who wish to be loved for themselves alone. Not many of these desirable matrimonial prospects dropped into "The Green Hat," his little place in Greenwich Village, New York. But when one did he managed to serve her a sandwich, garnished with a sigh and a glance so full of "IT" that the combination tingled more than a couple of ounces of mustard. As a result he has already married two very rich women, one the former Miss Lorna Mallinson, daughter of Hiram Royal Mallinson, the silk magnate, and the second Mrs. Elliott Norton, rich widow of the famous surgeon.

The silk bride committed suicide by jumping out of her window and the other died somewhat mysteriously on the honeymoon. Though he may know how to win his heiresses he is certainly equally apt in losing them.

People in other parts of the country may wonder why the court was so severe with Bowen, but there was a reason. Reno divorce courts listen all day, every day, to stories of husbands who have beaten their wives and yawn over these same old stories which are a phonograph record endlessly repeated. But invariably the gentlemen who have thumped the ladies are legally married spouses.

This does not make such chastisement exactly legal or proper, but it is one of the regular details of divorce which is Reno's basic industry. When a man begins using his fists on a woman before he marries her, that is a very different matter. If every young man should start to beat up his beloved before getting her to the altar, there might not be any marriages at all. With no more marriages, there would soon be no more divorces and then what would become of Reno? Also, an heiress is a nice meal-ticket for somebody and nobody is supposed to punch a meal-ticket, at least until he has gotten his first meal. Therefore, it was the duty of the *authorities* to make an example of this *precocious* person. As State's Attorney Axel Johnson said:

"Let the world know that *Reno* does not approve of New York *gigolos* coming to Reno to beat up *other* men's wives."

Mr. Bowen denies *the* walloping and claims that he *wins them* by kindness, rather than violence, but Justice of the Peace Francis J. Cunningham said:

"I have no doubt these people will shortly be reconciled. Yet I find him guilty of assault and battery and sentence him to a $50 fine or twenty-five days in jail."

Bowen, who is 42 years old, elected to pay the fine, but on counting his roll was surprised and pained to find he did not have that much—so he served sixteen days behind the bars. This was a sad misfortune, because in sixteen days a lot can happen in Reno, in fact most anything. During that time the eyes of the patent medicine heiress not only returned to normalcy but she received her divorce decree from Charles Fuller Young of Pittsburgh and left town. If someone would only lend Eugene enough money so he could catch up with Miriam, he is certain that everything could be fixed up.

Under ordinary circumstances it might be a bit difficult to explain away a lady's prejudice against having her head punched, even by the most ardent lover, but this punching did not occur under ordinary circumstances. In the first place, Mr. Bowen still denies *that* it was his fists which delivered *the* "shiners." Considering the deep *alcoholic* haze and confusion in *which the* parties concerned were *groping after* a round of Reno's *celebrated* "hot spots," a little mistake like *that is* quite plausible.

Even if Mr. Bowen *actually* did the punching, as Mrs. *Young* asserts and the court believed, *it may* have been only a well-meant *blunder* on his part. He may have *imagined* that he was defending her *from a* waiter, a policeman or a pink *elephant* and hit the wrong target.

According to Mrs. Young's own testimony, *the* circumstances must have been *most* unusual. She placidly in*formed* the court that this former lover *had spent* three hours in her hotel bed*room*, alternately wooing and walloping *her*, sometime around dawn. When Kendrick Johnson, Bowen's attorney, asked what happened then, she naively answered:

"After three hours he got tired of quarreling and left."

"Had you been drinking?" she was asked.

"Yes," she replied, " at the Tavern the Rex, the Cedars and. . ."

"That makes no difference," the prosecutor interrupted. Lawyer Johnson, who knows those places, thought it might make a lot of difference, but he brought out other curious angles of the situation, including the fact that the complaint was not filed until a week after the alleged assault. He also wanted to know if during those three hours of alternate loving and thumping, she had screamed for help.

"No," said the lady.

Miriam's uncle, William H. Taylor of Los Angeles, testified that the day after the eye-blacking episode he was visiting his niece's apartment when Bowen called and said to him:

"Do you know that this girl needs a twenty-four-hour nurse and I will qualify? Also, I will marry and divorce her at your say-so, at any time, because I love her."

That is at least an unusual offer for a prospective husband to make, but the uncle, instead of accepting, thought only of those black eyes and gave the following evasive answer:

"You have a helluva way of showing your affection."

In his own defense Bowen described briefly his sojourn in Reno, in which he said:

"We joined the rounds of the gay divorce crowd in restaurants and cafes, drinking and playing most of the night, occasionally changing to riding togs and going to nearby ranches for breakfast. The going was fast, with naturally everyone a bit careless. We tried to slow down, but it seemed impossible. Reno is far more gay at times than Paris."

During the hearing such names as the Cedars, the Tavern, the Rex, the Ship, the Capitol, all designating well-known establishments where high-class entertainment is mixed with strong cocktails and rattling chips, were frequently heard. In the audience were the prominent bootleggers of the community, the gigolo boys, who see that women of wealth are not lonesome while spending six weeks in Reno, and a sprinkling of curious home folks who got an earful. Also the divorce colony group moved en masse from the Riverside and El Cortez hotels, as well as nearby apartment houses, to the court room to drink in the testimony.

Most any day they could have heard, in the divorce courts, the description of bigger and better beatings, of husbands who added such ingenious touches as hurling wives down stairs, pulling out their hair, slapping their faces with a planked steak, buttering their eyes or pushing them out the front door unclothed. Yet this otherwise quite ordinary face-punching drew the crowd because the pair had not yet obtained its "license to fight."

Only a year as so ago, one of these unsanctioned bouts between people not married to each other ended in tragedy and a murder trial. The death of Mrs. Martha Hutchinson, a young widow from West Virginia who had come to Reno to be ready to marry Dr. Carl P. Andre the moment he got his divorce, revealed the wild doings at the "Lazy Me," a dude ranch in which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in the days when he was welcome in Nevada on account of the family name, was said to have been interested. Mrs. Hutchinson fell, jumped or was thrown from a speeding automobile driven by the young dentist, who was tried for her murder and acquitted.

Witnesses, including university co-eds, police officers, bootleggers, night club hanger-ons, entertainers, musicians and housewives, laid before the jury tale after tale of night-club and dude-ranch revelry in which cocktails, gambling and lonesome women were the component parts. Dr. Andre and his young sweetheart, after a round of the night clubs, had quarreled. She went out with a university student. They visited the Vanderbilt dude ranch, and encountered Andre. Then the fatal ride with her lover-dentist. That was the story.

Just a few months ago Kendrick Johnson, who defended Bowen in the most recent action growing out of the night life attractions, figured in a police court hearing in which Ruth Elder, aviatrix who flew into the ocean, was a central figure. Ruth and Johnson were making the rounds when they bumped into a middle-aged divorce seeker from Chicago who was also lonesome. During the evening mixup Ruth attached herself to the new-found friend and a few hours later, at the latter's apartment, Johnson assertedly resented the intruder's attentions to the flying Ruth and landed in jail after a brief battle. The case was dropped after heads cleared the following day. Ruth grabbed her divorce a few days later and departed.

Reno's centers of joy are not hard to find, not hard to get into and not hard to take, judging from the patronage. In the places patronized by the wealthier members of the divorce colony there is nothing cheap or gaudy and the patrons pay accordingly. The famous Willows, night club de luxe, burned down a year or so ago, but its place has been taken by the Tavern, a resort just at the outskirts of the city where the lights are never dimmed and where food, drinks, dancing and games of chance are dished out in copious quantities.

Then there's Calneva, on the shores of Lake Tahoe, one of the bright spots of the West. The line dividing California and Nevada runs through the center of the place, but the atmosphere is universal. Belle Livingstone broke into the headlines when she opened "The Cowshed," after converting an old barn into a swanky night club, but the going was tough for the talkative Belle and the place folded up, but has been reopened under new management.

For those pleasure seekers whose purses are thin Reno is also well rigged-up to pass out the entertainment. It has a well defined segregated district where girls are plentiful in more or less sordid surroundings, but it's profitable to its owners and is tolerated without interference. Gambling houses of cheaper variety, with Chinese lotteries as an adjunct, abound.

Bowen denies that he came to Reno as a gigolo and fortune hunter, but claims that it was at the request of members of Mrs. Young's family to help "restrain and control" that 32-year-old person. It is said that he possesses some "torrid" love letters from Miriam, but has no intention of publishing them.

Bad luck has followed Eugene A. Bowen from the day he first got out from behind his sandwich counter and onto the society page by marrying Lorna Valentine Mallinson, against the furious opposition of her parents. The elopment was soon followed by discord, separation and finally a plunge from the young wife's window on the twelfth floor of a Park Ave. apartment house. These troubles Bowen blamed to his parents-in-law and, after the suicide, started a million dollar suit for alienation of affections. When the papers were served on Mr. Mallison, his answer was to drop dead.

Two years later Bowen married the former actress, Alberta Burton, still young, beautiful and, at that time, the wealthy widow of Dr. Elliott Norton. They built a mansion in the romantic Isle of Pines in the Caribbean Sea, but on the honeymoon the bride died from a mysteriously sudden attack of what was said to have been diabetes. This was unusual, since that disease, as a rule, takes years, after the first symptoms, to reach a fatal stage, yet she was struck down without any warning. Bowen's million-dollar suit is still pending against his former mother-in-law.

Their Sun Bath

THE unfortunate and innocent inmates of London's orphanages may miss many of the advantages enjoyed by youngsters who have fathers and mothers and the freedom and comfort of home life, but when the weather's fine they, too, have their "place in the sun."

The photograph at the right was taken at one of the many orphanages in the British capital while the 120 children living there were having their regular sunbath. The cameraman could not get them all within range of his lens so he snapped this lineup of 16 husky, healthy urchins who, on many bright Summer days, spend as much as four hours basking in the health-giving rays of the sun.

The records of the institution show that every one of the 120 children has improved in physical condition and mentally because of their hours in the sunshine. Eighty per cent of the youngsters gained weight and all of them were noticeably improved in disposition. Children who were inclined to be quick-tempered with their playmates, sullen and disobedient to their matrons, forgot their pique and their grouches after a week of play in the open air and the sunshine.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO — PHOTO

"I'm Young and Healthy" Is the Theme Song of This First Line of 120 Babies, Whose Daily Routine Includes Four Hours of Sun Bathing at the Wright Kingsford Homes for Children, in London, Where the Youngsters Are Called "Sunshine Babies."

Because of the danger of sunstroke, the youthful sun bathers wear simple bonnets which cover the tops of their heads but which do not keep the sun off their faces or their bodies. The rest of their costume consists of "shorts."

Not long ago a member of the royal family paid a visit to the orphanage where the photograph on the left was taken. Without the children knowing that they were being observed by her, this woman watched them playing happily together in the sun.

"They may be unfortunate victims of an imperfect society," she told the matron, "but no one can rob them of the health and happiness to be found in the sun that shines on them as benignly as on the most favored of us."

Uncanny Retributions Visited Upon the Sea-Going Cynics of the Maine Coast

THE hardy fishermen of the rock-bound coast of Maine are matter-of-fact, God-fearing folk who waste little time worrying about the occult and the supernatural, but because of the uncanny experiences of two men—one of them hobbling around on an artificial foot and the other as bald as a billiard ball—no one in that sea-washed, windswept part of the country goes around kicking coffins or plucking the feathers from seagulls. These men and their strange stories are known from Kittery to Fort Kent. They were cynics and they are making retribution for their cynicism.

The fellow with the artificial foot lives on the shore of Passamaquoddy Bay. His story begins with the drowning of a young fisherman some years ago. The mother of the dead boy believed that the sea would return her dead to her so she bought a coffin and had it put under a tall pine on the shore. With the passing of time the coffin fell a prey to the wind and weather and became a sort of shrine for the people of the fishing village. One day, after the heartbroken mother had grown tired of waiting and gone to join the spirit of her son, a young fisherman, lacking the sentiment which his fellows felt for the weatherbeaten casket, gave it a kick.

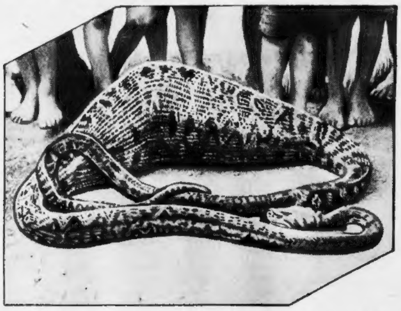
Right away, so the story goes, agonizing pains shot through the offending foot. All night the cynic suffered, but next day the giant tuna were disporting themselves in the waters of the bay and he limped to his boat to get his share of the catch. He drove his harpoon into the hide of a big tuna. The harpoon line took a twist about his aching foot and when it was pulled taut the fisherman was snapped over the side into the sea. He bellowed for help and another fisherman pulled alongside just as the man screamed and fainted. He pulled him aboard and, to his horror, saw that the rope had severed the coffin-kicking foot at the ankle.

At Grindstone, in the Magdalen Islands, lives a fisherman whose head is as bereft of hair as a billiard ball. Concerning this the fisher folk tell this story: Around the Magdalens, as elsewhere by the salt water, the seagulls, birds of insatiable appetites, forever circle and screech and dart for a morsel of food when they see it. Very bold at times, they annoy the fishermen by stealing bait and even small fishes out of the boats themselves.

It is against the law to kill a gull and a superstition that is very widely credited among the Maine coast fisher folk is that in each bird there's the soul of a fisherman lost at sea. Few people in this section would harm a gull, and their depredations are accepted, for the most part, good-naturedly. But at Grindstone one young chap salting pollock for winter food was so pestered by the thieving birds that he lost his temper.

Setting a snare on the beach, he caught a lone gull—a big, gray fellow. Then deliberately he pulled feathers from his squawking victim, plucked it clean as a chicken ready for roasting. Turned loose, the tortured gull waddled off probably to die a lingering death.

The inhuman young fisherman had a head of thick brown hair. Two days after he plucked the gull it began coming out in patches. In a week he had no more hair than a china egg. Since that time no Magdalen fisherman has laid a hand on a seagull.



Attendants (You Can See Their Legs) Watching the Slow Digestion of a Meal by an 18-Foot Carpet Snake on the Queensland Snake Farm. The Snack of This Snake Is Nothing Less Than a Full-Grown Wallaby.

The Snack of a Snake

IN her infinite thoughtfulness, Mother Nature equipped snakes with a looseness of jaw and flexibility of hide to match their vicious and voracious appetities.

The citizens of snake-infested North Queensland, Australia, are quite familiar with the spectacle of a reptile bulging with a meal bigger and heavier then the creature itself, but not in many years have they come upon such a sight as that shown in the photograph above.

This hungry reptile—an 18-foot carpet snake—was found trying to sleep off a miraculous meal which it made of a full-grown wallaby, a small size cousin of the well-known leaping kangaroo. Having no teeth, the snake could not take bites of its victim, so, thanks to the aforementioned looseness of jaw and flexibility of hide, it slowly and laboriously swallowed the wallaby whole.

The photograph was made at a North Queensland snake farm where the heavily cargoed carpet snake was taken after it was discovered in the bush country nearby, too distended and too drowsy to wriggle over the ground.

Naturalists who have studied the amazing capacity of certain breeds of snakes say that reptiles manage to inclose such monstrous meals because their jaws, unlike those of human beings and most other animals, are not permanently hinged. Snakes, when they want to eat something too big to take in their throats, unhinge their jaws. As they draw in the victim in convulsive gulps, their throats stretch, and stretch some more, until the bulky meal is past the head and moving slowly backward into the equally flexible body.

Probably, the officials of the Australian snake farm explained, it took the carpet snake three or four hours to get the luckless wallaby inside it after he captured the animal. And because the process of digestion is slow in snakes, the digestive fluids in the snake's body would not disintegrate the fleshy parts of the carcass for a fortnight or so.

Snakes the world over seem to have the habit of taking "snacks" much bigger than themselves, thereby proving the paradox that a snake is bigger inside than he is outside. Even the smaller snakes found in the central and northern sections of this country are found with frogs and mice inside their coils.

Perhaps the big and fearsome python of the tropical jungles takes first honors for the size of its grim "snacks," for it is not unusual for natives to find these reptiles stuffed almost to the bursting point with a pig or a gazelle.

The tribesmen of the African Congo make a practice of outsmarting the pythons that lurk in the jungle about their villages and making the big reptiles furnish the settlement with much of its fresh meat. The hunters will watch for days until they see a python capture a pig, a gazelle, or a goat. Then, when the victim is lodged fast in the snake's spreading throat they pounce upon the killer, dispatch him with blows and spear wounds, take the prey away from him and bear it triumphantly into the village to be skinned and cooked by the women. Snake steak is a delicacy with many tribes of Africans, so they eat the reptile as well as the pig.

Sometimes the voracious pythons bite off more than they can get away with and it is not uncommon for native hunters to come upon the dead carcass of a 20-foot python, killed because the sharp horns of a young gazelle punctured the taut hide of the serpent after it had successfully gulped down the creature.

ACME PHOTO

Irene Zilahy, Who Has Been Chosen by the Art Students of Vienna as the City's Typical Beauty of the Stage. Note the Actress's Winsome Wink.

The Typical Stage Beauty

IF THE judgment of the young men and young women studying art in the City of Beautiful Women is authoritative, if not official, then Irene Zilahy is Austria's first lady of the musical comedy stage.

Miss Zilahy, in the eyes of these novices with the pencil and the brush, has just about everything necessary to success in her chosen calling. She is blessed with a well-nigh perfect figure, with the type of face that artists like to put on canvas and with a wealth of golden blond hair. Add to this a sparkling personality and, the coming young artists aver, you have the unfailing recipe for popularity and success.

Vienna and other Austrian cities seem to have no quarrel with the unofficial accolade conferred on Irene by her artistic admirers, for whenever this good-looking and vivacious actress is assigned the leading role in a musical comedy, the piece usually is assured a long and profitable run.

Freakiest Ferry in France

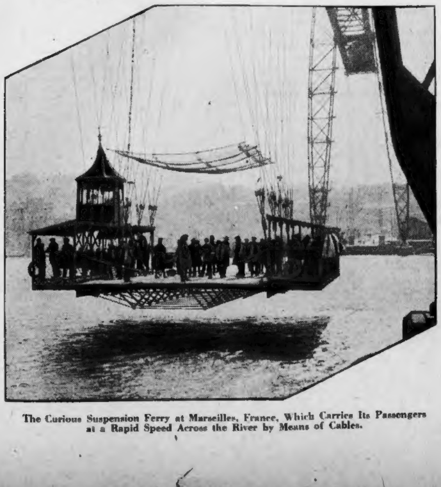
VISITORS to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago may think, when they are enjoying the thrills of the so-called Sky Ride, that traveling in cars suspended from cables is an unusual, if not unique idea in transportation. But the citizens of Marseilles, France, and visitors to that city, have been riding in a similar vehicle for some time.

The French version of the Sky Ride is strictly a business proposition. It was not built to provide thrills—although it manages to do that—but to transport people and motor-cars and horse-drawn carts from one bank of the river to the other. In appearance the device looks very much like a ferryboat, but it really is not a boat at all because it has no hull and it doesn't travel in the water. It is a broad platform suspended by 40 steel cables from a sort of traveling crane that moves back and forth across between two high towers of steel.

What looks like a circular pilot house on one side of the aerial ferryboat is the control room—the craft, of course, needs no steering—in which the engineer of the ferry operates levers, switches and brakes to actuate and control the machinery.

On each bank of the river are "docks" at exactly the same level as the deck of the curious ferry.

Although the ferry appears to be a comparatively fragile vehicle, with its light construction and its supporting web of cables, it actually is exceptionally sturdy and can carry a hundred passengers safely and comfortably.



The Curious Suspension Ferry at Marseilles, France, Which Carries Its Passengers at a Rapid Speed Across the River by Means of Cables.

Farmer Koska's Alimony-For-Husbands

$3.50 a Week in Cash, and Eggs, Milk, Bread and Butter His Wife Must Pay Him, But He Can Only Occupy the Barn and Chicken Coop and He Must Kill His Weekly Chicken Himself Under Her Watchful Eyes

This Is the Comfortable Farmhouse Where Mrs. Kenegunda Koska Lives While Her Husband Divides His Time Between the Barn and the Chicken Coop. The Automobile Belongs to Mrs. Koska.

WHEN Mrs. Kenegunda Koska started suit for divorce against her husband Joseph the other day, she failed to take into consideration that the new Illinois laws concerning alimony had just gone into effect. So now Mrs. Koska must pay husband Joseph alimony, instead of getting any from him. She has the honor of being the first wife in Illinois to do this, but it is one she would have gladly done without.

The Koskas are hard-working farmers of Wolf River, just outside of Chicago. Farmer Koska went hopelessly to court, because he too did not know that "The New Deal" was being applied to husbands, as well as wives, in a matter whose abuses have become so notorious that it is called everywhere "the alimony racket."

True, Farmer Koska had been denied the comfortable farm house and had been living out in the barn for some time, and he had deeded over the farm to his wife. He had heard of alimony, but he couldn't see just how he could pay any, because Mrs. Koska had everything.

Mrs. Koska occupied the farm house, and John Bienowski, a sturdy young farm hand weighing 250 pounds, had a room there. It was difficult under these circumstances for Farmer Koska, living out in the barn, to see how his wife could charge him with cruelty. But she had, and now the case was up before Judge Joseph Sabath, America's famous "divorce court Solomon."

While Here Farmer Koska Explains to a Neighboring Farmer's Attractive Daughter the Fine Points of His Prize-Winning Bull, Which the Court Has Decided His Wife Can Never Sell Without His Consent.

And when the case was over, Judge Sabath decided Mrs. Koska must pay her weather-beaten husband, who is twelve years older than she is, alimony as follows:

Every week $3.50 in cash.
Every week one dozen eggs.
Every week three pounds of bacon.
Every week one chicken, averaging two pounds.
Every week one pound of coffee.
Every day one quart of milk.
Every day two loaves of bread.
Every day one pound of butter.

And that isn't all. Besides this he has the right to sleep, eat and enjoy as many other comforts of life as he can in the cow barn, and he also has free run of the chicken house.

But he must put in a full day working on the farm, must not help himself to any of the eggs or chickens beyond the amount stipulated in the alimony, nor is he permitted to milk any of the cows for his own benefit.

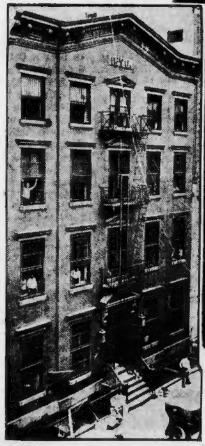
Furthermore his property rights in the farm's bull are recognized. Mrs. Koska is forbidden to sell the animal or its services without compensating her husband. Also the cat is his, free and clear, a concession which Kenegunda granted without protest.

While Joseph wins all these things, his wife continues to occupy the farm house with John, the strong young farm hand and boarder. She is the boss of the farm and the fruits of the toil of all three members of the triangle are hers. But first she must pay that alimony.

To some people Mr. Koska's alimony victory may not seem much of a triumph, but it is so much better than his previous plight that the improvement is rapidly making a different man of him. Briefly Joseph Koska's story is that of a Polish immigrant who came to the "Land of the Free" on the understanding that it offered a good living for any man who was law-abiding and willing to work hard.

Some 15 years ago he married and with his small savings started to make a home and farm out of a tract of land at Wolf River. He worked willingly from sun to sun as did his wife, and they got results. The farm, even in these times, is valued at $10,000. But with all its stock, it now belongs to his wife who recently had Joseph arrested for "stealing" and eating eggs and chickens from that place he had built up.

The trouble began when, after two years, they had prospered enough to hire a farm hand. Joseph agreed with Kenegunda's choice of a big, strapping young man, younger than himself and even than his wife. According to the farmer, Mrs. Koska very soon lost interest in himself in favor of John Bienowski, the hired man. Joseph not only suspected a romance, but his own standing in the household fell lower and lower. He alleged that he not only was demoted to the poorest bed in the house, but finally received only scraps from the table, after Kenegunda and John had eaten all they wanted.



Ludlow Street Jail, New York City, Where Wives Send Husbands Who Won't, or Can't, Pay Alimony.

Farmer Koska had been too busy to learn much English, but when he asked other immigrants for advice he was told that in America wives hold the whip hand. Whatever the husband owns is hers, but what is hers is her own. If a husband displeases his wife she can throw him out, keep their common property and, if he does not pay alimony in addition, keep him in jail. Mr. Koska had therefore better do anything she asked and then, perhaps, she would treat her matrimonial slave better.

Joseph says he followed that advice, which seemed to work so well that, when his wife asked him to deed the farm over to her, he did so. But he says that as soon as everything was in her name things were worse than ever for him. The worm turned. He ordered Bienowsky off the farm, but for his pains received such a beating that he never tried it again.

Thrown out of the home he had built, Koska had to make a wretched sort of bedroom out of one of the empty stalls in the cow and horse barn. In these ignominious surroundings he made out for a while, sleeping in a horse blanket and living on scraps from the table. But his presence on the farm, haunting his wife like a ghost, annoyed that lady, who finally shut off even the table scraps, which were really needed for the pigs and chickens anyway. If he didn't like it he could get off the farm.

And Here Farmer Koska Sits in His Barn Stall Bedroom, in His Arms His Pet Kitten—And He Might Say to Mrs. Koska, in the Words of the Old Melodrama—"Look at Me Now—and the Day You Got Me! Strike Me Now With the Babe in Me Arms!"

Joseph did not like it but he stayed and, to his wife's surprise, continued to exist without visible means of support.

Mrs. Koska investigated. She found that Joseph was furtively milking a cow for a drink, now and then, helping himself to an egg and occasionally killing a chicken and cooking it on a little makeshift stove in his stall-boudoir, to say nothing of pulling carrots and beets from the fields.

Kenegunda promptly had her husband arrested for theft. It was just as they had warned him—wives could do anything to their husbands. But the police captain felt sorry for this inoffensive culprit and got Attorney Michael Ostrowsky interested in what could not be a very profitable case. In the morning the lawyer encouraged his woebegone client to tell his troubles in spite of the stern glances of Mrs. Koska, and to Kenegunda's dismay, the magistrate discharged the prisoner and, without saying it in so many words, intimated that he didn't care if these same "crimes" kept right on.

Mrs. Koska said nothing, but her black eyes snapped as she marched out of court and ordered her lawyer to sue for divorce. It looked simple and easy. She would not even ask for alimony, because she already had everything but the faded shirt on her husband's back. Once he was divorced she would be able to treat him like a tramp or any other trespasser.

The charge was "cruelty" and husky John was her star witness as they appeared in Judge Sabath's court. The farmer woman had not heard of the new law apparently. Nor had Joseph. Judge Sabath, after listening patiently to the defendant's story in broken English, astounded everybody by his temporary alimony order, until final disposition of the case in the Fall.

To get any sort of break after all these years of tyranny was too much for Koska and he shook hands with everyone in reach and wept into a bandanna handkerchief.

"Go back to your farm," Judge Sabath told Koska kindly, "and do the best you can until things are settled. Put in a good day's work every day, don't steal any chickens and don't bother your wife. If you don't get your alimony promptly come back into court."

This Is the Chicken Coop, With Farmer Koska Meditating at Its Door.

Koska did get it promptly. On the first Saturday he was paid in perfectly good currency the sum of $3.50, but there were slight misunderstandings on many of the other items.

For instance, the judge had said, "Eggs," and how many—but not how large or how fresh. Joseph says that when Kenegunda handed him the first instalment of egg-alimony the count was perfect, but the smell was not. However, the old farmer was getting quite bold by this time and threatened to tell the judge about it. Mrs. Koska thought this such a poor idea that she promptly gave him a dozen satisfactory ones.

A similar difficulty arose over those loaves of bread. These were homemade and the court had not defined the degree of freshness, hardness, sourness, lumpiness or weight. Mr. Koska examined the first samples and announced that he would ask the judge if that was what he meant him to eat. Again Mrs. Koska yielded rather than "bother the judge." Joseph says that she only tried to put rancid butter and skim milk over on him once.

The first pound of coffee looked right, smelled right and weighed right. But before he had gotten half way to the bottom of the nice can in which it had been delivered he discovered that the coffee beans were mostly green and half-roasted. He didn't let it happen again.

And This Is Farmer Joseph Koska Frying Part of His Weekly Alimony Allowance.

The weekly execution of Joe's chicken is a ceremony carefully watched by all three occupants of the farm. He has to catch, kill, pluck, clean and cook it himself, but Mrs. Koska exercises the right to weigh it and credit the amount to herself in a book, which ought some time to be a valuable historic document.

No man can enjoy eating a pound of butter every day. But, as Judge Sabath doubtless figured, it has a trading value with a sympathetic neighbor who allows the matrimonial outcast salt, pepper, sugar, prunes and an occasional handout of hamburger steak and other welcome changes from a diet of bacon, eggs, bread and milk. With this goes the privilege of storing the alimony in her cold well, where Mr. Koska feels it is safer than on the old homestead. At another place he swaps superfluous loaves of bread for cheese and jam.

These deals permit him to have all his cash for such luxuries as clothes and still live better than he has for a long time. Technically he has no rights on the farm, but unless Mrs. Koska can show some actual consideration for that deed it may be set aside. In that case there may be permanent alimony, at least until she has bought out his interest in it.

The second lady alimony-payer was Mrs. Grace Cattell, an employed stenographer, who must repay her unemployed husband, Harold, $1,000 at the rate of $10 a week because she lost their joint savings on the horse races.

The new bills to modernize Illinois divorce laws and give husbands something approaching a fair deal include the following points, the second of which was urged by Judge Sabath himself.

First: If a man is out of a job and unable to find work or if he is physically incapacitated from earning a living—his ex-wife in case of divorce and if she is able-bodied and employed may be ordered by the court to pay him alimony.

Second: When a wife obtains a decree of separate maintenance it will be good for only two years. At the end of that time the husband can get a divorce by a proper showing in court that they have lived apart for two years.

Third: A wife will not be able to jail her husband for non-payment of alimony or for falling in arrears in payment of alimony, if he can show to the satisfaction of the court that he has been out of work, has tried to get it but without success.

Fourth: When a couple divorcing has children they may be awarded by the court either to the husband or wife; and to whom they will be awarded will depend entirely upon what the court believes best for them.

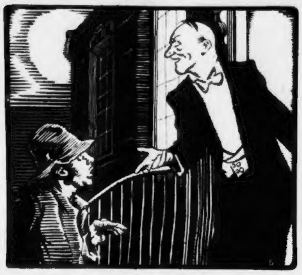
Fifth: Regardless of to whom children are awarded—the mother or father—either or both parents may be required by the court to contribute to their support.

Had $25,000,000, Died With Only 25 Dollars

THE will of the late Edgar Israel Cohen, who piled up a fortune of $25,000,000, has just been probated in London. He left twenty-five dollars.

He was called the world's greatest gambler, and the luck he had with his ventures amazed everybody. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He earned, spent and gave away millions, but still more millions poured in for him.

Then, eight years ago, the crash came. A big, forlorn figure with a drooping moustache, Cohen sat at the table he had always kept reserved at the grill of the Savoy, one of London's fashionable hotels, and told his friends as he saw them, one by one, that he didn't have a penny left.



Edgar Israel Cohen Kept Open House at His Mansion, and Welcomed All Alike—Down-and-Outs From Thames Embankment as Well as the Great and Wealthy.

"I have lost every farthing," he said. "Everything has gone to smash. I am absolutely broke—finished."

Cohen moved from his mansion in St. John's Wood and dropped out of sight for eight years until, a short time ago, he died.

He is remembered as the man who gave London its taxicabs, who was interested in a hundred business enterprises, always something in which there was a risk. He made his money by gambling on a large scale, by taking a chance on something which he thought was promising. When automobiles first came in, he predicted that sooner or later they would take the place of all the horse-drawn cabs in London, and he backed his belief with big sums of money which brought him back ten times the amount he had invested.

He spent his money as lavishly as he made it. He startled London with the splendor of his hospitality, and he entertained the poor as well as the rich. He used to send his four daughters to walk along the Thames Embankment, where starving down-and-outers were always to be found, and the girls passed out cards to them which invited them to come to Cohen's house in St. John's Wood and feast like kings. In this respect he was like Haroun-al-Raschid, the caliph of Bagdad, and "Diamond Jim" Brady, the New Yorker, who came nearer being Cohen's American counterpart than any other man. Brady, however, died rich, and left big sums to charity.

Cohen kept open house at his mansion, and all his friends and acquaintances were welcome to come at any time and bring all their own friends and acquaintances they wanted to bring. His parties drew the most famous of the world's singers, artists and actors, including Enrico Caruso, who never failed to call on Cohen whenever he visited London.

These parties made social history for their brilliance and their gayety. Choice foods were prepared by chefs who worked twenty-four hours a day, and the oldest and finest wines that money could buy were on tap night and day.

Another famous feature of Cohen's parties were the card games which were always going on for guests who liked that sort of thing. Cohen himself gambled every day of his life, in business if not at the card table or the racetrack. He threw himself into every project in which there was a chance to make big money, and the bigger the risk the better he liked it.

He never visited a racetrack without laying down bets of $5,000 or more. A straight bet never appealed to him. He wanted odds and risk, the chance to come out big. If one of his own horses was running he would seldom bet less than $20,000 or $25,000. There were few plungers at Epsom Downs to compare with Cohen. One of his horses, Crathorne, won $150,000 for him on a single race.

Cohen was the same way in business. He was always willing to talk to anyone who had a patent for a promising new appliance, and if the thing looked good to Cohen he backed it, not with a small investment but with a sum big enough to make it absolutely sure that the proposition would get a thorough trial.

His father had been in the sponge business, and Cohen believed that if he went into it on the proper scale and became a dominating factor in the world's sponge trade he could pile up a fortune for himself. That was his first business venture, and like scores of things he went into afterwards it was a success. He became a director and leading figure in the firm of D. H. Evans, sponge importers. Later he bought in on other big British concerns and became the founder of the General Motor Cab Company, which filled the London streets with taxicabs.

He had interests in every part of the globe, and often remarked that the world was his office. He was interested in everything, and always had time to listen to a business proposition if it seemed to have the slightest chance of making money with the proper faith and backing behind it.

One of the men who came to him with promotion schemes was Dr. H. H. Crippen, the murderer. Dr. Crippen had prepared a number of patent medicines, and he wanted Cohen to back him with capital enough to advertise widely and perhaps equal the success of the American patent medicine companies that were making so much money at that time.

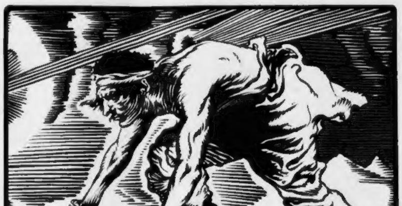
Cohen said the proposition did not appeal to him because there was not a big enough element of risk in it, but he kept the box of sample patent medicines Crippen had brought to show him, and prized them as souvenirs after Dr. Crippen had killed his wife, had attempted to escape to America, had been captured and hanged for his crime.

It was said of Cohen that no needy man or woman ever appealed to him for help and failed to get it. He was generosity itself, not just occasionally but all the time. He never revealed to anybody how he lost the $25,000,000 fortune he was known to possess just after the close of the war. He said he had lost it and that was all there was to it, and it was too late in life for him to stage a comeback then. He moved into poor quarters and all his rich friends forgot him. But the poor never did.

First Man To Explore This Dangerous Land

TEBBU LAND, a region where brigandage and murder are a daily pastime, where men worship devils and holy Buddhist lamas burn their rival monks alive, has been explored for the first time by a white man.

Dr. Joseph Rock, escorted by a band of armed men, found this land hidden among mountains higher than Mont Blanc, in a corner of Kansu wedged against the northern border of Tibet. He found it not only a dangerous but a very beautiful country. He saw icicles three times the length of the tallest man hanging from the cliffs over frozen streams, and in the valleys he saw fields brilliant with flowers, red, yellow and blue poppies, and forests that were a solid mass of rhododendron, scenes "too beautiful for words to describe."



The Tebbu Pilgrim Patiently Making His Way to the Distant Lamasery. Hands Extended Before Him, He Prostrated Himself at Full Length, Making a Mark in the Ground With the Shoes He Wore on His Hands. Then He Crawled Forward and Placed His Feet Where His Hands Had Been and Again Stretched at Full Length. He Expected to Cover the Entire Distance in This Manner.

To get into this hidden paradise, however, was a risky job, and to stay in it was riskier still. A prince of Kansu, whose ancestors ruled Tebbu Land for 600 years, furnished Dr. Rock an escort of soldiers. These men could protect him from thieves and thugs, but there was plenty of extra danger from rock slides, precipices and the other perils of mountain climbing. Dr. Rock tells of his adventures and discoveries in a report he has made to the Royal Geographical Society in London.

There was an enormous "rock gate" through the mountains. It was 300 yards wide at the base and 600 at the top.

"We climbed 1,500 feet above our camp into the chasm," says Dr. Rock, "over a perilous rock slide. Enormous boulders lay about, beside which we looked like pygmies."

This "gate" was a deadly trap. There was no way through it for human beings. Dr. Rock found himself balked by a crescent-shaped slope impossible to scale, for one step into the loose mass of scree which smothered it brought down an avalanche of rocks. Some blue sheep which were up on the crest sought to escape, "and thereby," says Dr. Rock, "brought down a murderous bombardment of sharp limestone rocks—but we escaped unharmed.

"The going was indeed exasperating, the trail zigzagging up a hillside of shale and debris, the edges slanting into an abyss in which roared the imprisoned river. To pass with laden yak over such trails is nerve-racking. It took the caravan fifteen hours to go twenty miles.

"In the gorge we met a lonely Tebbu, and being always on the alert, for we were approaching Tara Ku, with its murderous Tara Tebbu who might be on the warpath, we asked him if the air was clear. He reported a large band of Tebbu warriors on a little meadow near the stream a short distance ahead. We held a council of war, and in order to ascertain who they were the lamas of my party decided to go ahead and reconnoitre, while we all waited with the caravan in the forest. It was an anxious time. To our great relief we found that they were indeed Tara Tebbu, but in the act of arranging a truce with another tribe, hence they had given up fighting and robbing for the time being.

"The Tara Tebbu were dressed in brilliant red with red turbans, the fashionable headdress. They were sitting in two lots, their rifles stacked, but at our approach they rushed up the hillside to have a look at us. The lamas suggested that we should wait on the grassy bluff above until all our animals and loads had passed, for the Tara Tebbu, they said, could not be trusted."

At one spot in Tebbu Land Dr. Rock stayed at a lamasery, or monastery, where he slept in a room "filled with nondescript villains, whose eyes spoke evil and whose behavior was worse than that of wild beasts. They were all potential robbers and murderers, and would stop short of nothing, for every one had killed his man."

"Old Wantsang monastery," he says of another place he visited, "was indeed a forlorn and lonely place. I was shown to a house, the property of a 'Living Buddha' who was absent. In all there were not more than thirty lazy monks who twiddled away their time by chanting prayers, trimming butter lamps, and filling copper bowls with water for the gods. My house was like a chamber of horrors, for on the shelves in the corridor outside my room were arranged devilish masks with protruding red tongues two feet long, three-edged daggers, skull drums, while the moth-eaten dried heads of old Tibetan grizzly bears, showing their tusks, graced the center of the hall.

"Quiet reigned; and yet this monastery had seen much strife and bloodshed. Three years ago the lamas of Wantsang Monastery settled a feud of long standing. It culminated in a fray in which Tibetan swords were freely used. Five lamas were butchered, while twelve of the opposing force were driven into a house which the furious lamas set on fire, cremating alive the twelve of their fraternity, while their Living Buddha fled to Labrang. Such is the brotherly love these monks practime. The ruins of the buildings still bear witness to the cruel deed. After the lamas of Wantsang had agreed to separate, one half left to start a different monastery now known as the new Wantsang Gomba.

"The monks of the Tebbu monasteries are recruited from the wild Tebbus themselves, who apparently do not benefit by becoming monks, and instead of following Buddha's teachings have only donned dirty red rags, which apparently make a lama in this part of the world."

No white man had ever made a circuit of Tebbu Land and crossed all the passes which lead in and out of it until this feat of exploration was accomplished by Dr. Rock. The first Chinese explorer who reached the neighborhood was the Emperor Yu, who ruled more than 2,000 years before Christ.

The great Min Shan mountain range, one peak of which is about 17,000 feet high, has "crags that look like huge sleeping dragons, guarding this most romantic of all the oases of China."

In this wild country Dr. Rock met a Tebbu pilgrim who was on his way to a famous lamasery far to the north. Instead of going like an ordinary pilgrim, staff in hand, he had decided to measure the entire distance with his body.

"This was indeed quite an undertaking," says Dr. Rock, "when one considers that it takes a regular caravan sixteen days, crossing high passes. He wore a leather apron over his single sheepskin garment, and on his hands he wore wooden shoes, the soles being of wood two inches thick, the top of leather. Around his head he wore a leather strap with a small leather pad in the middle of his forehead. He prostrated himself completely, kneeling first and sliding his wooden-shod hands on the ground, lying perfectly flat, both arms and lower limbs stretched out at full-length, while his forehead touched the ground. He then stepped forward where his hands had made a mark in the gravel and repeated the performance. At that rate it would take him many months to reach his destination."

Dr. Rock made five separate trips into Tebbu Land. The scientific purpose of his exploration was to look for rare plants, flowers and birds.

American Girl Makes Nazis Apologize To Her

BACKED by the State Department of the United States, a young American grand opera singer has defied the Nazi Government of Germany and has received an apology from the municipal authorities who gave her 24 hours in which to leave Koenigsberg, cultural center of the German nation. Even more, she has returned to Koenigsberg to fulfill her grand opera contract there.

It was because of her name that Miss Kathleen Kersting, a Wichita, Kansas, girl who made her operatic debut with the Chicago Grand Opera company but two or three years ago, came into conflict with the Nazis. For the past 18 months she had been under contract with the famous Koenigsberg grand opera company, scoring success after success with that musical organization.

But music meant little to the Nazis, compared with their anti-Jewish feeling, and when Hitler seized the reins of government, the Koenigsberg opera company was one of the first to suffer. Most of the cast were Jewish, and all who were suspected of Semitic ancestry were given 24 hours to leave town, including Miss Kersting.

She fled to friends in Berlin, and cabled her mother, Mrs. Henry Kersting, to rush proof of her non-Jewish ancestry. The Wichita Rotary Club, which had financed her musical education, rushed to her aid immediately, enlisting the support of Kansas Senators McGill and Capper, and the State Department took a hand at once.

In the first letter she had written since being driven from Koenigsberg, the young soprano described her troubles to her mother. At the time of writing she was on her way back to Koenigsberg to finish her contract.

"I've been through hell and am almost a nervous wreck but everything is in order now, thanks to my German friends and the American Consul," she wrote. "I have experienced being a blacklisted artist and otherwise blacklisted so that I could not even attend the theatres. This has now been raised, thanks to Consul General Messersmith and Consul Geist, who, with Dr. Bentling of the Amerika institute, have been my steadfast allies and have sustained me morally and financially through this trying experience.

"It's a grand feeling to have the American Consul behind me. It is like having the hand of God over me. I wanted to stay in Berlin and not go back to that 'nest of vipers' in Koenigsberg but the American Consul demands that I go back and finish my contract. But there are only a few more performances."

She hastened to reassure her parents as to her safety in the town from which she was forced to flee.

"Now, through it all, the American Consul is with me, and they told me if anything unpleasant happened, they would be right there," she wrote. "That's a grand feeling and so different from what I felt like when I had to leave Koenigsberg on suspicion of being a Jewess. I feel just like a little stray dog which has been picked up on the street, fed and given a chance to exist.

"I was scared to death but I knew that I must be brave. Now that I have won and am on my way back to begin where I left off I realize that I have become well-known through it all. All the time when I did not know what would happen next I kept saying to myself, 'Stiffen your backbone, Kersting.'"

Miss Kersting's letter did not go into great detail, as she explained she expected it would be censored by Nazi authorities. The Koenigsberg grand opera company has been almost completely reorganized, as the majority of the cast was Jewish and was forced to leave the company and even the country.

When it was proved to the satisfaction of Koenigsberg authorities that Miss Kersting was not a Jewess, they sent an attorney to Berlin to confer with her.

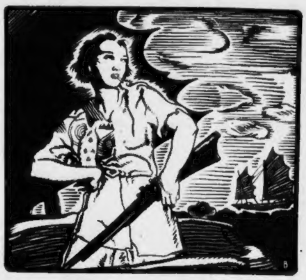
"The Consul General refused to allow me to see him alone and sent Consul Geist as my escort," Miss Kersting wrote her mother. "I said nothing, but the Koenigsberg attorney bowed and scraped the floor in his apologies."

Miss Kersting said she has had several invitations to sing in Germany when her Koenigsberg contract expires, and probably will accept some of them. Despite her troubles with the Nazis, she has no intention of returning to America, disrupting her musical career.

Girl Pirate An American College Co-ed

PIRACY has been stamped out almost everywhere else in the world, but along the coast of China it still goes on, for the Chinese government is unable to stop banditry at sea any more than on land. Organized bands prey on unprotected ships that ply these waters, but instead of boarding them from a pirate ship the bandits get on as Chinese passengers and when the ship is well out at sea they overpower the officers and crew and take possession.

One of the most desperate of these gangs has as its chief a white girl, believed to be an American college graduate, who has taken a Chinese name and dresses in Chinese clothes. For four years this girl sea-rover has proved herself too cunning to be captured, though the Chinese government has offered a big reward for her and ships of all flags are keeping on the lookout for her.



Dressed in Native Garb and Smoking Endless Cigarettes, the White Girl Personally Leads Her Gang of Chinese Cutthroats in Their Piratical Raids.

She is a mysterious figure. Known as Ling Hoh-sung, she has been described by those who have seen her and have been robbed by her as an attractive girl of about 26. All have agreed that in spite of her Chinese name and clothes, she is a white girl. She speaks Cantonese with the fluency of a native Chinese, but when she talks English her accent is perfect and shows she is a person of education and breeding.

The story is going the rounds in Chinese seaports that she is an American university girl who, because she was disappointed in love or because she craved adventure, decided to go to the Orient in search of thrills. She is said to have a Chinese lover who goes with her on her sea depredations, but she is the undisputed chief of the pirate gang with which she roves.

However true these stories may be, the girl and her activities have become a legend along the China coast. She is the leader of a gang of cutthroats who have plundered twenty to thirty small coasting vessels, often with bloodshed, and she has proved more than once that she doesn't know any such thing as fear.

Dressed in black silk, in native trousered garb, and always leading her gang personally, Ling Hoh-sung has often proved herself a deadly revolver shot. Her habit is to smoke endless cigarettes, even when a raid is in progress; and she will speak English or Chinese as the mood takes her.

A favorite plan of the girl is to board a coasting steamer as a first-class passenger, members of her gang joining the vessel in the guise of passengers at different points. All pose as strangers to each other.

The bandits act at a prearranged signal given by the girl, taking the ship by surprise.

Pistols are produced, key points such as the wheelhouse, the wireless cabin, and the engine-room are seized, and the crew is cowed. Any show of fight brings forth a stream of lead.

One of the girl's most daring coups was effected on a Japanese steamer bound from Swatow to Hongkong. The vessel carried nine Japanese officers and a Chinese crew, and over 120 passengers.

To guard against possible attack, the bridge was furnished with specially erected grilles at which armed sentries were posted night and day. Yet the steamer was pillaged thoroughly by the girl and her band.

She was on board as a first-class passenger, and one morning about the hour when the watch was due to be changed she rose from a deck chair and strolled towards the bridge.

She reached the ladder holding a pistol in each hand, and, covering the startled guard, gave commands to a crowd of fare passengers, who came running towards her. A bullet from one of her pistols laid low the bridge guard as he was in the act of drawing his revolver.

In a twinkling, without fuss, the ship was captured and the girl was giving orders from the bridge to the officers and enforcing them at the pistol point.

To the captain Ling Hoh-sung indicated a spot on a chart—an inlet at a remote part of the coast. Holding a pistol to his head, she compelled him to take the vessel there.

Meanwhile the girl's underlings pillaged the cabins and robbed the passengers of jewelry and money. All arms found on the ship were flung overboard, and the wireless apparatus was smashed.

When the inlet was reached the girl and her gang commandeered one of the ship's boats and rowed ashore. British bluejackets and other searchers afterwards scoured the vicinity but found no trace of the girl or her band.

Ling Hoh-sung's elusiveness is, in fact, only equalled by her amazing daring. While much speculation exists as to her actual identity there is little as to the fate that awaits her—should she be caught.

She would be taken to the nearest seaport, given a trial under admiralty rules, and without question would be condemned to death for piracy. Robbing at sea is a capital offense whether anybody is killed or not, just as highway robbery is a hanging crime in most States in America, for the reason that a person who goes out armed to rob others is looked upon as a potential murderer whether murder is actually done or not.

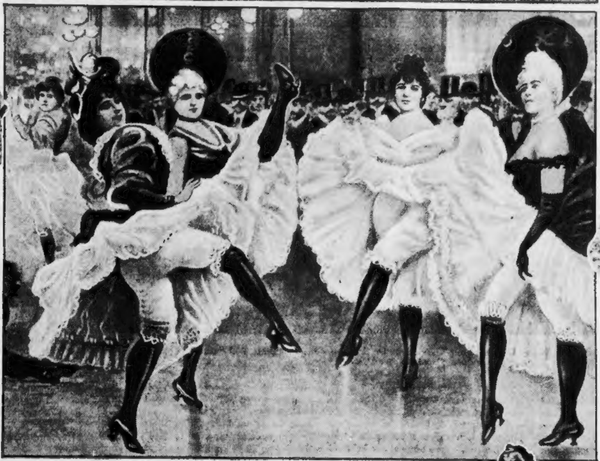
Ling Hoh-sung is known to have wounded several ships' officers with her dead-shot marksmanship, but the fact that they have not died of their wounds will not help the girl pirate if she is captured and tried for following the Jolly Roger. She will not be hung in chains at Wapping Wharf, which was the fate of pirates in the old days when they were captured and taken to England for execution, but she will be put to death just as effectively by modern methods of hanging.

Paris Music Halls Resurrect the Naughty Old Can-Can

Business Bad and Many Gone Broke, the Once Gay City's Pleasure Providers Go Back to the High Kicking Dance in an Effort to Lure More Dollars From the Dwindling Tourists' Pockets

Photos Underwood & Underwood

One of the Modern Parisian Artists Who Are Trying to Lure Back the American Tourist to Paris With the Help of the Giddy Old Can-can.



A Gay and Realistic Revival of the Old-fashioned French Can-can, Which Is Achieving Considerable Success at the Tabarin Music-hall. The Four Original Members of the Moulin Rouge Can-can—Nina Patte-en-l'Air, Grille d'Egout, La Goulue and Rayon d'Or—Whose Appearance Is Being Industriously Reproduced in the Paris Music-halls.

An Attractive Up-to-Date Artist, Who Does the Old Can-Can With a Touch of Modernity in Her Costume.

A Favorite Old Can-can Effect Now Being Revived to Attract Visitors to Paris.

The Greatest Feat of Old Can-can Days—the Grand Ecart—as It Is Now Being Reproduced in the Once Gay City.

La Goulue, One of the Most Noted of the Old Moulin Rouge Can-can Performers, as She Looked When Doing the Grand Ecart, or Split.

PARIS, Aug. 17.

THE amusement and refreshment providers of Paris are in despair over the absence of American tourists.

It does not occur to them that the fault may be due to their own greed and in some cases dishonesty, but they are convinced it must be because they have not offered sufficiently shameless and alluring attractions to the Americans.

Therefore they have decided to revive the naughty old French can-can, which was seen in its most unblushing form at the old Moulin Rouge and was the most successful entertainment offered by Paris to eager tourists back in the Bad Nineties.

"On with the dance, let joy be unrefined," is the slogan of Parisian managers.

Already the naughty old can-can has been revived with considerable success at the Bal Tabarin, the Moulin Rouge and many other places, but it does not seem that Americans form a large part of the spectators.

One Paris music-hall manager, when planning the can-can revival, expressed himself in this base and unscrupulous manner:

"The Americans need some extraordinarily strong, spicy attractions. Our usual acts must be too refined and modest for them.

"The best thing we can do is to revive the old can-can, stale and vulgar as it may be. It surely must have had a kick and a punch for Americans and all kinds of foreigners from the backward parts of the world.

"The lifting of long skirts and lacy underwear and the momentary revelation of a graceful limb evidently had a sex appeal not possessed by the up-to-date dances. The high-class stage dance of today is an artistic expression by the whole figure, and the man dancer is generally as attractive as the woman. At any rate, it does not have the thorough-going 100 per cent sex appeal that is necessary to catch Americans.

"Therefore, my colleagues and brothers in art, we must revive the old can-can in all is alluring crudity."

And that is why the tourist can now enjoy this antiquated form of entertainment in a dozen Paris music-halls. But it is offered to a generation to whom "legs have ceased to be a treat." Is it possible to make them a treat again by covering them up with lace and skirts and only revealing them in a flash? This is a nice point on which experts differ seriously.

It must be admitted that many of the girls now performing the resurrected can-can are doing it with extreme spirit and abandon. Their skirts are as long as in grandmother's day, their underwear as lacy as was ever seen in old times, and they lift up their limbs as high as their predecessors used to do when they intoxicated the men from "the backward countries."

Experts say that these dances ought to put the unsophisticated male spectator into a reckless condition in which he should be ready to throw away everything he has in his pockets. They have even demonstrated by scientific experiment that a lace-trimmed undergarment is more exciting than a ribbed silk knicker. And some spectators show that they feel the allure, but, anyhow, it doesn't bring back the Americans in the old numbers.

At this point the French amusement purveyor should be forced to conclude that it isn't the fault of the girl, but his own. But he is too mean to take the blame for anything. The truth is, tourists are tired of being overcharged for inferior entertainment given by underpaid performers and for indifferent food and drink. A can-can may enliven things a bit, but one can-can doesn't make a Summer.

Many vulgar and foolish fakes have already been tried in vain to catch the elusive American tourist. The French law courts have already revealed the extraordinary dodges to which the Parisian managers have resorted. Mme. Ixo went into court and brought suit for breach of contract against a well-known tourist agency that advertises to show visitors the night life of Paris—even the hide-outs of criminals in the Catacombs, where the police scarcely dare to go—and the thugs and the Apaches in the unspeakable thieves' dens in the cellars.

When Mme. Ixo explained to the court that her contract was to play the part of "Lioness of the Mouffetard Quarter," a desperate creature wanted by the police for endless crimes, every Frenchman laughed aloud.

Mme. Ixo's job was to dress in rags every night and put on a wild show in a dimly lighted cave in the Catacombs, along with other "thieves" and "murderers," and as each "rubberneck" wagon of horror-stricken tourists peeped into the den, the police arrived, grabbed the wicked outfit and saved the trembling tourists from prospective robbery and murder.

Mme. Ixo had been herself a singer of the Opera Comique and Scala Theatre, and named 25,000 francs as the amount the agency owed her for breaking her contract.

She told the judge she had been engaged at 30 francs a night to pose as a desperate character in an underground cafe which the agency had fitted up in the old Catacombs to resemble a refuge of criminals and outcasts.

Tourists, in quest of the worst Paris had to offer, were brought in sight-seeing wagons at dead of night to this den. Here lighted candles were placed in their hands by a tough-looking guide, who forthwith led them into a humid cellar furnished with a collection of broken-down chairs and tables.

An oil lamp suspended from the ceiling cast a dim and uncertain light upon a group of "Apaches"—thugs of the Paris underworld—plotting dark deeds over a bottle of bad brandy. With their peaked caps pulled down over their eyes, their red handkerchiefs twisted about their throats, their velvet jackets and corduroy pants, they looked as criminal as could be. Few of the tourists realized they were formerly respectable actors forced by the depression to do this for a living.

Finally the tourists would reach the "Night Refuge," where, after pushing aside a curtain over a grating, the guide would let them peep into a gloomy sort of cavern in which a dozen or more wretched beings of both sexes were sitting and lying on a heap of straw.

And it was while they stood gaping here that Mme. Camille Ixo would make her dramatic entry, emerging from the furthest corner of the cellar, followed by two Italian dancers costumed as Apaches. With a bound she would knock over the two poor dummies in her path, shouting and brandishing a pair of castanets. Her hair dishevelled, her eyes flashing, her voice reverberating in the hollows of the cavern, her ragged robe streaming about her, the actress spread consternation in the ranks of the rubbernecks.

"Look! the Lioness of the Mouffetard Quarter!" exclaimed the guide. "She is a terror of the underworld and always in hiding from the police. Ah! We are lucky to get a good look at this female devil. If the police knew she was here!"

The fugitive from justice made good by using a lot of bad language, clicking her castanets, singing a wild song and dancing madly before the audience of fake criminals and real tourists. Some of her wicked looking companions would frighten the women tourists by asking them to join the dance.

The show would be brought to an abrupt end when four fake policemen made a raid on the dive. This was the signal for the guide to tell the tourists that it was best to leave their change, and escape at once.

Of course, after this exposure the pleasure of seeing the criminal classes at close quarters lost much of its pull for Americans.

The case of Jean Rene Kervisic, an $8-a-week bank clerk who spent $800 of the bank's money in thirty-six hours, proves how the night resorts of Paris can fleece even a Frenchman, and how much greater the danger of an American must be. The famous Maxim's was the resort that lured young Kervisic. Having picked up two young women there he invited them to dinner. The bill came to 1,100 francs. Jean handed over two 1,000 franc notes, and the headwaiter kept the change, which his fair friends told him was the correct thing.

Next day after the three had spent the rest of the night at the well-known resort, the Abbaye de Theleme, they returned to Maxim's and then the real robbery began. The headwaiter charged the stupefied boy $14 for a cigar of unknown brand and $4 for a package of cigarettes. When the ever present flower girl nuisance approached his table, the clerk picked out two carnations for his lady friends. Had he purchased them at a florist's, he would not have paid more than fifty cents for them, but flowers come high at Maxim's, and these carnations cost him $12.

Again after dinner the girl's suggested a promenade by way of diversion, and this time they attended the Palais Royal Theatre, where the plays have long had a gay reputation. After this they took him for a peep at the revived can-can. Then once more they steered him back to Maxim's.

At five o'clock in the morning the check was presented, and Jean found after paying it he had just seven francs left of his bank's $20,000. He tried to raise something from the doorman on his new 1,500 franc watch and was offered 40 francs. When he asked his girl friends to let him have 500 francs of his present as a loan, they quickly turned to ice.

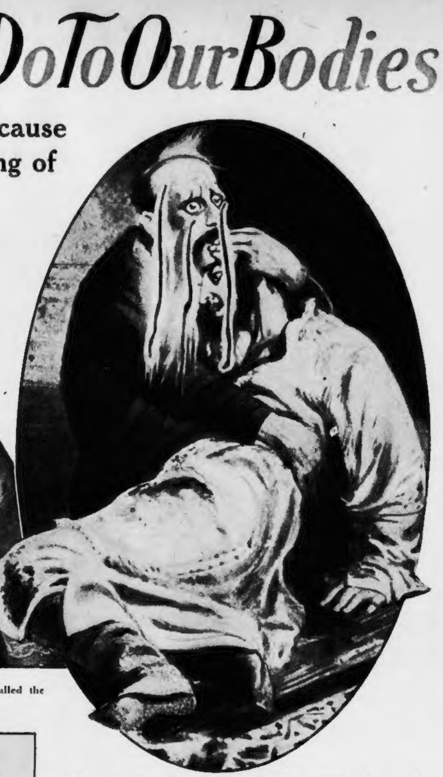
At the first sign of an argument the headwaiter intervened and ordered two bouncers to show Jean to the door.

Now the cafe keepers and the music-hall managers complain that business is bad, and so the wicked old can-can is pushed by the brainweary Parisian amusement providers to bring back the discouraged tourists.

Queer Things Our Minds Can Do To Our Bodies

The Dancer Whose Leg Actually Became Two Inches Shorter Because She Thought It Had Been Hurt; Astonishing Effects On Walking of Leading a Double Love Life; the Girl Who Starved to Death Because Everything Smelled to Her Like Turnips

The Effects of Smells Upon Some Minds Are Among the Puzzles of Science, Which Has Devised This Instrument, Called the Olfactometer, Which Registers the Intensity of a Patient's Reactions to Various Odors.



The Czar Ivan the Terrible of Russia Was Changed From a Wise, Beneficent Ruler to a Monster by the Mental Shock of His Wife's Death. Repin's Painting of Ivan Holding In His Arms the Son He Had Murdered Was Afterwards Cut, As Shown, By Some Unknown Person Which the Picture Also Unbalanced Mentally.

George Desouris, Who Became to All Intents and Purposes a Primitive Man, Going About Clad Only In Skins Because His Mind Refused to Accept Modern Civilization.

Imitation Is So Strong an Impulse in Many Children That They Walk On All Fours Like Animals, and Science Often Finds It Difficult to Induce Them to Walk Erect Again.

Young Murderer Church Who Was So Afraid of the Gallows That He Willed Himself Into the Deepest Sleep. Had to Be Carried to His Execution and Never Woke Up to Know He Was Being Hanged.

A FEW weeks ago in London a meeting of doctors listened to the description of a young Englishwoman who acquired the convenient habit of losing her voice altogether and being unable to speak a word whenever anything disagreeable happened to her, especially some disagreeable duty.

Another young woman employed in a British office developed peculiar and alarming spasms of the head and neck because she disliked her job and didn't want to work at it any more.

A man became unable to write because he resented being compelled to support a lazy father.

A German business man began to limp and have fainting spells because he had married two wives and acquired two families and feared that his duplicity would be discovered.

A dancer's leg became two inches shorter than its mate because the girl erroneously believed it had been hurt in an accident.

A housewife acquired such a passion for cleanliness that she took her piano entirely apart, bit by bit, and ruined it, in order to be sure that no unseen dust specks lurked inside it.

A Christian minister lost his job because he no longer could repeat the Lord's Prayer in church, and a Jewish rabbi suffered similar misfortunes because he became unable to repeat the name of God in Hebrew, in both cases because these supposedly holy men had committed sins of which they were ashamed and which they feared would not be pardoned by the Almighty.

Many historical characters have shown other freaks of personality or personality changes, such as Ivan the Terrible of Russia, who turned almost over night from a kindly and enlightened monarch to one of the cruelest tyrants the world ever has known.

All of which are but a few out of thousands of instances recorded in history and in the records of mental specialists of how the human mind, even without being actually insane, can develop the queerest and most astonishing quirks and vagaries, often for reasons that are queerer still.

The young British woman who became speechless was reported to the Medical Society of Individual Psychology, in London, by Dr. Mary Ferguson. Nothing was wrong with her vocal chords or with any other part of the machinery for speech. Instead, the girl was found to suffer from a marked case of what psychologists call an "inferiority complex"—a feeling that she was and always would be inadequate to demands made on her. Accordingly, so soon as she was required to meet some new individual or take part in some discussion or do some disagreeable job at the office or at home, her mind unconsciously took refuge in the inability to speak, known technically as "functional aphonia."

Dr. Ferguson pointed out that all this was purely unconscious. The girl had no idea that she was making all this trouble for herself. She honestly believed that she was the victim of some obscure and mysterious disease. All of which is characteristic of these instances in which the mind works some evil on the body because the mind itself is distressed.

The case of inability to write is reported by the distinguished German psychologist, Dr. Wilhelm Stekel. The victim, a young male clerk in a store, gradually developed the same kind of writer's cramp that sometimes afflicts telegraph operators and others who must do a great deal of writing in long hand under much nervous pressure. This cramp made it impossible for the young man to make out sales slips, to keep his records or to do other tasks necessary in his job. At the same time his memory began to fail, so that he could not remember prices, customers' names or addresses or similar information. Naturally, the young man and his family imagined that he was suffering from some obscure and serious mental or nervous disease. To work became impossible.

This, Dr. Stekel discovered, was the clue to the whole performance. The young man's father was alive and able-bodied but was lazy and would not work. The entire support of the family fell on the young clerk. Naturally, this burden seemed to him unfair and intolerable. No doubt he resented it consciously but his unconscious mind resented it still more, and took effective steps to stop it by creating the illness mentioned. Then father would be compelled to go to work.

In another of Dr. Stekel's cases, a young woman lost all sensation and power of movement on one side of her body, much as might actually happen in certain kinds of apoplexy when a clot of blood forms on one side of the brain and paralyzes one half of the body. Actually, there was nothing wrong. The young woman was a victim of mental conflict between what she wanted to do, which was to leave home and marry her sweetheart, and what her family wanted her to do, which was to stay home and take care of invalid relatives.

Professor V. E. Fisher, of New York University, describes a young man who had the even more convenient habit of falling sound asleep when confronted by anything disagreeable. This was traced to a childhood incident in which the boy had hit another boy with a piece of glass and cut him. The other boy turned out to be a "bleeder," who nearly died as a result. The young assailant naturally was frightened, quite literally, "out of his wits." To escape intolerable remorse and also to escape the questioning and reproaches of his elders, his unconscious mind sent him soundly asleep, just as though he had been hypnotized. Afterward this mental habit persisted as a way of escape from anything disagreeable.

Another escape from reality in sleep occured a few years ago. Harvey Church, a youth convicted of two brutal murders, was sentenced to hang. But he developed such a horror of the gallows that he fell into a deep sleep resembling entire insensibility. Neither burning his flesh nor pricking him with knives could arouse him. When the day of execution arrived he was carried unconscious to the gallows and never knew he was being hanged. His subconscious mind had come to his rescue and saved him from the terrible contemplation of his fate.

Another way of escape which the mind sometimes takes out of difficulties and which sometimes leads to hopeless insanity is to move back all its ideas and habits to memories of a childhood which presumably was happier and less pressing than the present. Most people confronted by real difficulties in their lives sigh sometimes for carefree childhood days, but most people recognize that return is impossible, let it go with sighing, and turn back in a moment to take up as best they can the real burdens of their lives. A few people refuse to do this. Their personalities crack under the strain and actually revert to childish habits and ideas.

One of the cases reported by Professor John J. B. Morgan is of this type. A woman, faced by what seemed an intolerable situation in her real life, gradually became a girl again in mind. Neglecting her household duties, she spent her time singing nursery songs, playing with dolls, dancing in front of the phonograph like a carefree girl, and so on. Sometimes these instances, which psychologists call "regressions," carry the victims back to actual infancy, so that they become unable even to feed themselves or to speak.

A recent London instance is equally remarkable. An officer of the Forest Service in India retired and came back to London to live. Civilized ways proved distasteful to him. He kept thinking how much better it was to live as the forest savages did, without the annoyances and restraints of civilization. Abandoning ordinary food, he bought himself raw fruits, vegetables and meats and gnawed these in his room. With all the cunning of a real savage, he undressed at night, stole out of his lodgings and roamed over nearby parks and streets naked, just as a savage might do. On one of these secret nocturnal excursions he slipped while climbing over a tall iron fence, was injured and died. Thus the whole story came to light; that of probably the only individual for thirty centuries who lived as a savage on the site of London.

Another symptom of mental revolt against intolerable things in real life is the not uncommon one of staying in bed or in one room for years or for a lifetime—as, used to be said, "for spite." The American Medical Association once reported such a case in which a woman stayed in bed for five years because she had quarreled with her husband. Becoming bed-ridden was an easy way both to punish the husband and to escape her own household duties. The unconscious mind has been characterized by many mental experts as unbelieveably cruel and unfair.

Mostly these changes of personality are slow and gradual. Often the real cause is unknown or forgotten until the mental expert laboriously re-discovers it when the patient comes to a hospital or seeks medical advice Sometimes, however, queer freaks of personality appear suddenly and for definitely known causes. Such a case seems to have been that of Ivan the Terrible, who was a wise and kindly ruler until the unexpected death of his much-loved wife. Resentment at this or some other mental effect of the shock seems to have turned the well-meaning monarch almost over night into a monster of cruelty, who delighted to shoot men down or boil them in oil or exile them to certain death, for nothing but a moment's whim.

Modern psychologists, studying the life of Ivan, conclude that he was a victim of a personality change which might have been cured by proper mental treatment, but which, if not cured, should have compelled his confinement in an asylum.

Extreme symptoms which mere mental dissatisfaction may cause were evidenced by the British case reported by Dr. E. Graham Howe of the stenographer with head spasms. At intervals this woman would be taken with a backward drawing of the head, almost against the back bone. Her eyes rolled up under the lids. Her hands were raised in the air and clenched. Naturally her employer and others in the office were frightened. The young woman was dismissed.

This, as Dr. Howe discovered, was precisely what her unconscious mind wished. The job had become uninteresting and monotonous. The young woman wanted to travel, although she could not afford it. Nevertheless, such an obstacle as lack of money meant nothing to the unconscious mind. It determined to get rid of the job anyway, and did.

Similarly with the German business man who had two families, each unknown to the other. Naturally, this situation did not make altogether fo peace of mind. Whichever family the bigamous individual felt like visiting he was overtaken by fears or compunctions concerning the other family. Accordingly, his unconscious mind forced him to develop vertigo and a limp, so that he could not walk to the other family anyway, no matter what his conscious mind might decide.

Not unlike this case is that of a dancer reported by Dr. R. D. Gillespie, one of whose legs actually became two inches shorter than the other by pure imagination, because she believed erroneously that the leg had been injured in an accident. Other individuals have found that they could not walk, or could walk only in some curious fashion, such as by skipping or jumping or by creeping on all fours; all as results of mental disturbances of some kind.

The imitative impulse is so strong in children that they often walk on all fours like their pets. Some cases have been reported of children who refused to walk erect until physicians had reached their subconscious minds and corrected the impulse.

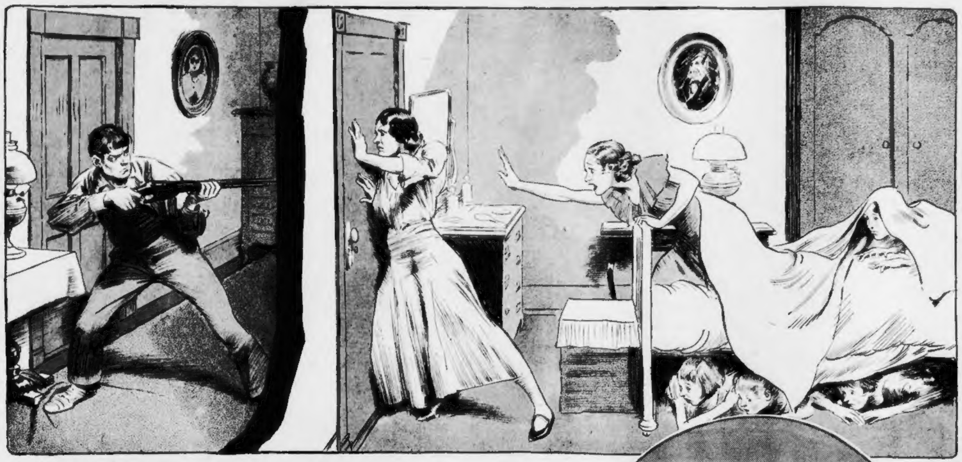
Other mental disturbances may cause blindness. Professor Fisher reports the case of a man who became blind, so he thought, when he was struck over the eyes with a wet piece of cloth. Dr. William S. Sadler tells of an individual who believed that a splinter of steel had entered his eye, when in fact it had not penetrated at all. Nevertheless, he became blind, until Dr. Sadler rigged up an impressive fake magnet and ostentatiously drew out of the eye a small bit of steel conveniently palmed beforehand, as a magician palms the coins he extracts from the assistant's ears. Instantly the imaginary blindness vanished and the man saw as well as ever.

Other senses are equally likely to be deceived by minds with queer twists in them. In one such condition the sensitivity of the smell sense is so increased that the victims cannot live in ordinary surroundings. They are too much distressed every instant by intense and intolerable odors of food, of houses, of the persons about them, animals or even of flowers. In one instance reported by Professor Morgan, a young girl starved to death because everything smelled to her like turnips, a vegetable which she greatly disliked. Another case which must have been almost equally distressing to the victime was one in which everything put on the tongue, whether sour, bitter, salty or merely pure water, tasted sweet.

Were it possible to uncover all of the queer twists and secrets in everybody's mind, it is probable that every individual who reads these words would be found to have the beginnings of similar quirks in his or her own personality. By most people, however, these queer twists are overcome and controlled by ordinary reason and common sense. Fortunately for mankind, it is only in realtively rare individuals that some queer twist of the mind gets control and upsets the personality.

19-Year-Old Jewell's 3 Fatal Marriages

3 Husbands in 3 Years and All 3 in Their Graves—2 by Suicide and 1 by Murder—But Still She Is Not Discouraged



After Pruett (Husband No. 2) Had Shot Bell (Husband No. 3) He Turned His Rifle Against the Room Where Jewell, Her Mother, Sisters and Nephew Had Sought Shelter, Three of Them Under the Bed, Two Under the Covers, and the Heroic Mrs. Hasty Holding Fast to the Door to Prevent Him From Entering. And Although Jewell Cried Out That She Would Give Herself to Him, Pruett Sent Bullet After Bullet Through the Flimsy Door, Wounding the Mother, and Then Walked Downstairs and Killed Himself.

THREE husbands in three years and all three in their graves, two by suicide and one by murder, and yet the widow of them all is only 19 years old.

Such is the brisk matrimonial record to date of little Jewell Hasty-Wright-Pruett-Bell, a girl of the "Heel" of Missouri, where they "say it with bullets" instead of flowers.

Little Jewell, who presents a pretty though somewhat puzzled brunette face to this hectic world she finds herself in, is sure that men "get that way about her" through no fault of her own. Always she has been most obliging and reasonable with them.

For instance, the other day she offered to give herself up to her second husband if he would kindly stop shooting. Arthur Pruett, husband No. 2, had already mortally wounded Henry Bell, husband No. 3. But Arthur declined this generous offer, shot Jewell's mother through the hand, cutting off her thumb, and busily pumped rifle bullets through the door of a small bedroom in which were huddled five females and a five-year-old child. He then put two more bullets into the body of the dying man and finally one through his own heart.

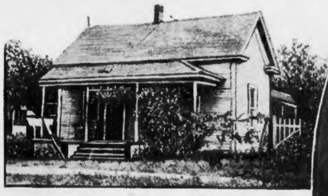
After this, things calmed down for the moment. Jewell is employing the quiet interval before taking on any more husbands to write the story of her life under the title of "The Manhandled Maiden of Missouri" or "Murder and Matrimony." It ought to be interesting. Jewell started in bright and early as people usually do who make records, good or bad. A pretty little child of fourteen, she eloped with Robert Wright, her first husband.

"I married too young," she explains. "Robert and I just didn't get along at the start. There was no particular reason for our separation—I just decided to come back home. The first time he asked me to return, of course I said no.

"Anybody ought to know that a girl never comes back to her husband the first time he asks her. It would not be worth the trouble of running away, and she would not be able to scare him with the therat-of it the next time. He is supposed to woo her all over again and make a lot of promises. Instead of that he went right home, drank carbolic acid and I found myself a kid widow."

Jewell's family name is Hasty and probably some ancestor earned it by characteristics which have reappeared in her. One day after her first husband's death, a tall, compelling person, nearly three times her age, suddenly asked her to marry and she did, without getting her mother's consent or waiting to see what sort of man he was.

The person was Arthur Pruett and besides being a masterful sort of he-man, he wore good clothes and had a checking account in the Dunklin County Bank. Not every man in the "Heel" of Missouri is that prosperous. She knew that he had been in the lumber camps and supposed that he had made his money that way. That he might also be interested in moonshining and other untaxed industries, she did not know and might not have cared much. But that was not all.



The Little Missouri House of the Hasty's, Where Husband No. 3 Was Murdered and Husband No. 2 Killed Himself.

Pruett's record for many years had been bad. He was the type of habitual criminal for whom the criminal laws and machinery seen specially designed not to molest. Juries that will beggar an honest man with a huge verdict for running over someone accidentally, will cheerfully set free a cold-blooded murderer like Pruett. If by chance he had the bad luck to be convicted for any of his crimes, the parole board will free him at the earliest possible moment.

Five years ago Pruett had killed "Bull-face" Allen, like Jewell a citizen of Kennett, Missouri. The jury accepted his self-defense plea, much to the disgust of the decent citizens of the town. In lumber camps he was known to have murdered one negro and to have killed three other men, under circumstances which probably would not have stood the scrutiny of the law.

When Jewell discovered that he hadn't gotten around to divorcing a previous wife, she decided that this was a serious offense, went home to her mother in Kennett and had the bigamous marriage annulled.

After Jewell left him, that gentleman married and divorced another wife. While he was still married to her successor, Jewell thought she would take a third chance in matrimony herself. This time she had learned prudence, first asking and obtaining her mother's consent. The third doomed man to win this girl's fatal heart and hand was Henry Bell, a young man nearer her own age and with an excellent reputation.

Instead of another elopement there was a conventional courtship and formal ceremony. His widow testifies that he was an ideal husband with whom she would surely have been happy if her second husband had let her. Even his mother-in-law states that he was a fine young man.

But the honeymoon was interrupted before it had begun and the couple's happiness spoiled by an astonishing intrusion. The bride had not thought it needful to ask the consent of her bigamous second husband, who really never had any legal rights in her at all. But Arthur Pruett thought otherwise, turned up right after the wedding ceremony, and, on threats of murdering both bride and groom, succeeded in preventing Bell from living with his bride.

Even this wretched situation was destined to grow worse. Last July Pruett kidnaped Henry's bride, taking her from the streets of Kennett to a deserted shack in the woods, seven miles south of Gideon, Mo., where he kept her prisoner for five days. The kidnaped bride was certainly in a dilemma. She says:

Mrs. Hasty, the Heroic Mother, Whose Thumb Was Shot Off by Her Second Son-in-Law.

"I was afraid to antagonize him. He said that he intended to kill me and then commit suicide, and I believed that he was going to. The only thing I knew to do was to try and keep him in a good humor, for he was a devil when he was mad, and little by little, as we hid in the woods, I talked him out of the idea and finally persuaded him to take me back home.

Jewell's Three Sisters, Bee, Mildred and Hallie and the Latter's Little Boy, Paul, Who Narrowly *Escaped Death* From the Bullets of the Murderer, Pruett.

"He would keep saying: 'Life's uncertain, but death's certain,' and that we would both be better off dead. I just had to do everything he said to."

Pruett had the nerve to lay the blame for his behavior on his ex-mother-in-law. The day before the kidnaping, Mrs. Hasty had sworn out a warrant charging him with disturbing the peace of herself and family. As so often happens with a really dangerous character, the slow-footed authorities were not able to find their man for 24 hours, but during that time managed to let the news of the warrant leak out and reach him. So Pruett had plenty of time to hide in the woods and take Jewell with him.

When her daughter vanished, Mrs. Hasty knew well enough what had happened and her frantic appeals induced the authorities to search the "Heel" and adjoining Arkansas counties. Again they could not find the scoundrel, but Pruett knew what was going on and, considering the present unpopularity of kidnapers, decided he had better call the hunt off.

Strange as it may seem, the police inadvertently arrested the dangerous man almost at once and if ever a kidnaper should have been held without bail, it was this one. But, in spite of the terrified pleadings of Mrs. Hasty that it would mean the death of Henry, Jewell or herself, the asinine authorities released him on bond. As usual, every technical right of the criminal had to be respected against the right of honest people to live. The prediction of tragedy was speedily fulfilled.

Just a few hours after having been freed by the court, Pruett appeared at the house of a neighbor, across the street from the Hasty home. He sent a young boy with word that he wanted to see Jewell. Instead of answering the summons, Jewell sent her husband out to talk to him, and Pruett demanded the return of a wrist watch and ring which he had given to his former wife last Christmas. Bell went in, got these, turned them over as demanded, and had been back in the house but a short time when he saw Pruett coming from his boarding house nearby carrying a .38 calibre rifle.

Mrs. Hasty, gathering Jewell, the other three daughters of her family and her baby grandson into a back bedroom, awaited his arrival in panic. It was not long delayed. Pruett came up on the porch of the little family home and in loud, profane language demanded of Bell that he have Jewell come out, and that unless she did he intended to kill both Bell and Jewell and then kill himself.

But at this point Henry proved himself a man. He was a law-abiding town youth, unaccustomed to firearms and violence. For fear his bride would be murdered he had lived apart from her for several weeks, had yielded to the demands of this blood-thirsty rival, with the result that the woman he loved had been taken by the other man for five days in the depths of the woods. He had called upon the authorities and they had failed him. There seemed nothing to do but take the law into his own hands.

Snatching up a little revolver, that was in the house, he threw open the door and fired three shots. Two went wild but the third nicked Pruett's left shoulder. After that the little gun stuck. With a grim smile the killer took careful aim and sent a bullet into Henry's abdomen, a wound from which he was destined to die the following day.

Jewell Hasty-Wright-Pruett-Bell, Two of Whose Three Husbands "Said It With Bullets" Instead of "With Flowers."

Having disposed of Henry, Pruett entered the house and hearing a child whimpering behind a locked bedroom door, started to smash it in. He managed to break the lock but behind it, protecting her brood, stood Mrs. Hasty who had been a widow for some five years.

The lock had failed, the arm of the law had failed, there was nothing between the murderer and her daughter but this mother's own good right arm which she used somewhat like Davy Crockett of old against the wolves, and that arm did not fail. She held the door against the man's superior strength, aided as she was by the lucky chance that the door happened to open inward.

Finding it difficult to get in, Pruett changed his tactics and began firing through the flimsy door. It seemed impossible that the women and children in that crowded little room could escape slaughter. As she saw a bullet rip through her mother's hand that protected the door, almost severing her right thumb, Jewell cried out her offer to give herself to Pruett if he would stop shooting. The answer was a profane refusal and more shots.

Jewell and her sister, Bee, just 17, were hiding under the bedclothes, the oldest sister, Mrs. Hallie Yarbro, her son, Paul Yarbro, with another sister, Mildred, 9, were cowering under the bed.

One of Pruett's bullets, copper jacketed, passed through the door and across the bed between Jewell and Bee. Three others in some miraculous manner went under the bed yet failed to strike any of the terror-stricken occupants of the little bedroom. Apparently tiring of such random shooting, and having failed to force the bedroom door, Pruett again turned his attention to the stricken Bell, who had sunk, half unconscious, into a chair in the living room. Bell, before he died, said that Pruett fired two shots at him point-bank, one striking him in the shoulder and the other breaking his right leg, and that he then leaned over the rifle and fired the last shot into his own breast, causing instant death. His body slumped down between the dining room and the front bedroom of the home, almost across the door leading into the room where the women were hiding.

And then, when it was all over, heavy footsteps sounded on the porch. It was the tardy arrival of the law. What Mrs. Hasty called its representatives should have stung like bullets. Their hides were hard, however, so it probably didn't.

The only good thing about the case is that the world is rid of Pruett.

Secrets Behind the Scenes at the "Follies"

Bettie MacDonald, for Eight Years a Featured Ziegfeld Show Girl, Now Reveals the Squabbles, Jealousies, Intrigues, Scandals and Gold-Digging Devices of Some of the Famous Beauties

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is in his grave, the "Follies" he made famous exist no longer and the time has now come when the secrets behind the scenes of his inimitable productions may be told. The Show Girls were, for the most part, a wild bunch. They were often recruited from farms and tenements, were waitresses in "beanery" restaurants or manicure girls in barber shops. Dazzled by the gorgeous clothes Ziegfeld draped on them and flattered by the attentions of rich "tired business men," it is not surprising that some of them lost their heads.

What the audience saw in the stage spectacles was worth the high price of the admission ticket. But to see what went on in the dressing rooms at times and at the midnight suppers after the show, which the audience never saw—any price of admission would have been cheap. Some of these exploits of the "Follies" beauties I will relate on these pages.

BETTIE MacDONALD.

WHITE PHOTO

Leon Errol, Star of "Louie the XIVth," One of Ziegfeld's Successes, in an Amusing Scene With Simone de Bouvier, Who Played the Innkeeper's Daughter.

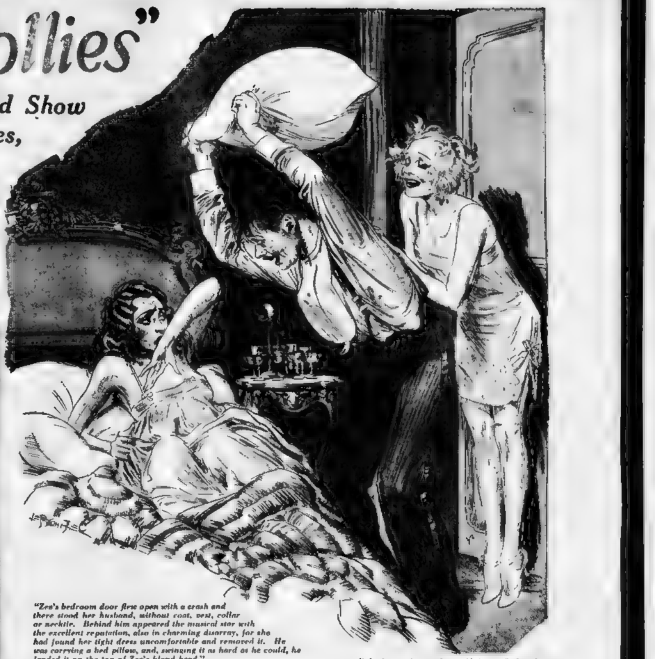
APEDA PHOTO

Helen Herendeen, One of the Stately "Special Show Girls" of the Follies. She Was a Six Foot Brunette, and Offstage Always Carried an Enormous Tiger-Striped Siamese Cat.

WHITE PHOTO

The Gorgeous Show Girls of the Flower Pageant in Ziegfeld's "Yours Truly." These Costumes Are an Example of Ziegfeld's Urge for High Head Adornments. They Are, Reading From the Left, Grace Gracey, Agnes Bellowes, Leila McIntyre, Lotta Fanning and Marge La Fayette. Distressing Experiences of Miss McIntyre and Miss La Fayette Will Be Described Next Week.

The Unfortunate Mary Nolan, Formerly "Bubbles" Wilson, Whose Rare Beauty Brings Her Nothing But Endless Trouble.



"Zee's bedroom door flew open with a crash and there stood her husband, without coat, vest, collar or necktie. Behind him appeared the musical star with the excellent reputation, also in charming disarray, for she had found her tight dress uncomfortable and removed it. He was carrying a bed pillow, and, swinging it as hard as he could, he landed it on the top of Zee's blond head."

By Bettie MacDonald.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

"EVERY morn I bring thee violence."

So spoke Zee's wild and wealthy husband as he kicked open the showgirl's bedroom door at dawn and hit his wife over the head with a pillow

Zee did not mind the violence so much but she didn't like something else he had brought home—another woman who looked on and giggled My friend Zee had told me that she was going to "cure him of bringing his pets home" and she now proceeded to do so

Last week I related some of the methods used by Follies beauties for "softening up" rich men to a point where they are willing to marry the most beautiful girls in the world or pay a satisfactory indemnity for loving and leaving them. The most persistent and successful of these lovely hi-jackers I did not mention because I had not gotten around to tell the other side of the picture—what men do to Follies girls, which is sometimes plenty

I am calling this statuesque blonde "Zee" because, should her real name be revealed, she might shoot me or thank me for the publicity, according to how she happens to feel the day she reads about herself. As I have already said, Ziegfeld considered brains in a showgirl as dangerous excess baggage. But Zee turned hers to profitable account

You mustn't regard Zee as a mean and cruel sort of trollop Of all the show girls I know she was the friendliest, least jealous and easiest to get along with, without a mean bone in her perfect body

She had neither hatred nor pity for her victims. Separating rich men from their money was, to her just a business and she went at it with no more emotion than a farmer milking a cow or shearing a sheep

Life is certainly queer Zee had only one husband and tried to give him a better break all things considered, than he would have gotten from 999 wives out of a thousand Instead of being grateful for such leniency from this dangerous woman he presumed further and further until at last he went too far

It was one evening back-stage while we "glorified ones" were gathered around the mail boxes, discussing the list of hotels in Chicago, where we were to move over Sunday, that I first met Zee After the show that evening we had supper together and she talked about her husband as dispassionately as a banker might talk about a large frozen asset. The gentleman in question was not exactly frozen and that was the trouble His ardent behavior with other women was the talk of Broadway but it was all right with his wife

If you want to see a wife hit the ceiling, inform her that you saw her husband out with some slightly notorious beauty. Somebody was always telling that to Zee, but instead of getting high blood pressure, she would calmly reply

"Oh, I wondered where he was Thursday night. Well, I hope he enjoyed himself"

The reason for this abnormal broadmindedness was that she had not married him for love but as a good provider. Being very rich he had done this satisfactorily, which caused Zee to look upon his outside romances with a tolerant eye, much as a farmer might on hearing that his rooster was occasionally visiting his neighbor's barn yard

Recently, however, he had formed the bad habit of bringing these ladies home and entertaining them riotously That was exceeding the speed limit for fast and loose living It not only hurt Zee's pride, but it interfered with her sleep, because, believe it or not, Follies girls are usually getting their beauty sleep by 3 a m. I agreed that he ought to be cured, and suggested that it was good grounds for divorce She answered

"Legally, yes, but I would be ashamed to have the world know that he had been bringing pets home."

That surprised me. Considering the variety of affairs she had been in, I had supposed that Zee hadn't any shame. I was not to see her again until two weeks later in Chicago Meanwhile she had found and applied a cure so vigorous that it required the services of trained nurses and doctors and came near giving work to some needy undertaker

After our little supper she went home that night and straight to bed, virtuous behavior that was not very well rewarded. Several hours later she was awakened by the slamming of the front door and the tipsy voices of her husband and a much-married musical star This woman by the way, is a wonder In spite of her promiscuous life she has somehow preserved an excellent reputation with the public It is what might be called "pure fiction."

For half an hour Zee listened to sounds of revelry and endearing remarks from other parts of the apartment. Then she arose and, unseen by anyone, placed drinks of all sorts on the telephone stand beside her bed and in other strategic places around the room, but she only sipped at them as she waited At last she heard uncertain footsteps approaching and her husband in a somewhat thick voice announcing

"I positively insist you meet the wife Light of my life—doesn't mind if a man has a fling"

"Oh, I wouldn't disturb her," mildly protested a soprano voice, but the voice came right along

Zee's bedroom door flew open with a crash and there stood her husband without coat vest, collar or necktie Behind him appeared the musical star with the excellent reputation, also in charming disarray for she had found her tight dress uncomfortable and removed it He was carrying a bed pillow and both wore broad grins

He then spoke the parody on "Every morn I bring thee violets" He had pulled it often before and it was no longer funny to Zee, who also knew what was coming next. It came in the form of the pillow as hard as her husband could swing it on top of her blond head. This was new to the musical star and it was not on her head, so she giggled.

Zee arose from her twin bed and with surprising accuracy and force hurled a glass in her husband's face where it smashed, wiping off the grin and badly cutting his mouth. Before he could recover from the surprise she caught him with another which cut his forehead As she was picking up a third, he grappled with the light of his life In the scuffle the third glass was broken, Zee's arms were cut and she clawed her spouse's already damaged countenance. This unexpected and successful attack aroused the man's fury to a dangerous pitch. His hands closed on his wife's windpipe and things were beginning to go dark with Zee when she saw the musical star, who had stopped giggling and fled at the first sign of hostilities, reappear in the door and heard her anxious voice saying

"Don't kill her. Think of my public."

It was a timely suggestion, saving once more the star's reputation which already had had more lives than a cat, also Zee's life, to say nothing of avoiding a murder trial for her husband But it brought some welcome business to trained nurses who had to work a fortnight to repair the damages.

He was cured of bringing his pets home, but now that she had accomplished this at the risk of her life, Zee divorced him anyhow on other evidence of which she said she had enough to have divorced the entire U S. Army With some of her alimony she spent an extravagant year in Europe On her return to the Follies she was asked if she had enjoyed the gay life

"Rats!" said Zee. "How can you have any fun when you've got to watch your weight all the time?"

Sometimes a girl, though deficient in the requisite physical perfections, got into the Follies through pull with someone, but these "crashers" never lasted long

During our engagement at the Cohan Theatre in Chicago several show girls either left or were fired One of the ushers in the balcony became friendly with one of the business managers, a very smart girl, I soon learned She finally got into the show We were all horrified and refused to speak to her, in fact no one would help her in any way. She walked into my dressing room, in very loud and cheap things. Some of the girls laughed. The stage manager had asked a new Follies girl to make her up. No one had gone to rehearsals to help her learn the numbers. She was nervous and frightened. Mr. Errol, our star in "Yours Truly," wanted to see her before she went on She then tried to impress him with her wiles.

About two weeks later this former usher, a new girl with a new name, blossomed out in smart clothes, blond wavy hair, a different personality and a famous boy-friend. We all nearly died of laughter and surprise. From then Mae Belle improved and had men galore running after her. Her affairs with several men in the show, from chorus boys up, was the gossip of the troupe.

While living in New York Mae Belle had a suite at a famous hotel The florist kept her well supplied with flowers, the restaurant in the hotel served her meals in her room, the head-waiter was a swain of hers. She was kept supplied with plenty of liquor; one of her boy-friends was a bootlegger She seemed to be working all the rackets at once Her suddenly acquired temperamental acts were perfectly done. She had sinking spells often—at the right times. Her sick and destitute acts worked on more than one man. She wore old dresses to wealthy men's parties, the rest was easy She always won.

One wealthy man invited her to his home in Atlantic City, for a week-end Mae Belle said she would like to go but had nothing to wear She visited me upon her return to town the following Tuesday clad in a stunning silk sports suit, with accessories to match, and invited me to her hotel to see her new dinner dress that had cost her escort over $200. After three years of this racket, along with heavy drinking, Mae Belle was sent to a sanitarium. She is there now with tuberculosis, and not expected out for some time.

Ziegfeld, of course, was not the only judge of feminine beauty in the world, but few doubt he was the best one. Some of the alleged experts who decide beauty contests ought to see an oculist, judging from certain of their choices I have seen. Many of the best laughs in the theatre we girls ever had were given us by these beauty contest winners, touted as the most perfect women of the day. "Miss America" and "Miss Universe" came strutting onto the stage to exhibit their physical wares, wondering which one of us girls they were to displace.

Many of them were so far from perfection that an expert eye could see they would not do before they got their clothes off. But some were armed with so many glowing letters from important dignitaries that Ziegfeld had to solemnly look them over, assure them that they were grand, but send them home with some excuse that would not hurt their vanity. However, a few of these prize winners were the real thing and had the physical goods.

Meredith and Virginia Howard, who were in "Whoopee" and other recent Ziegfeld shows, were beauty contest winners from out West. Virginia left the show during our engagement in town, but Meredith remained with the show to the finish. They are probably the loveliest pair of twins I have ever seen. During the run of "Whoopee" I dressed with Meredith and there was no end of life and fun in our room Meredith played jokes on many of the boys and girls who did not know her She very often placed her hat in the place of another girl's and watched every one hunt for their right size Soon they were all printed inside with the correct names of the owners. They wore the beautiful large hats that caused such a sensation in New York.

During the living picture, the Gypsy number, Meredith always managed to break some one up, make them move or laugh and she caused plenty of excitement on the stage which was supposed to be very quiet. Next to brains in a showgirl, Ziegfeld disliked this sense of humor the most and with good reason. It tended to disorganize the show. Gene Buck says that Ziegfeld never thought any of his comedians were funny, engaged them entirely on their reputations, retaining them or letting them go according to how many laughs they got.

And how those audiences differed from night to night! One performance the comedians worked themselves almost to death and hardly raised a snicker. But it was all right, that was our night, the house was "girl-minded" and went away just as well satisfied as on the next evening when everybody had hysterics and began to laugh before it heard what the comedian was saying. That was not our night. Frivolous though she may seem, woman is a serious proposition, even a Follies girl, and men are most interested in her when in a serious mood

This does not mean that there are two different kinds of people. It is a question of mood—it is in the air—all houses feel it more or less on the same nights. The same person likes one thing one performance and the other the next. The Follies provided an ample menu for both Nobody knows why this is so. They have tried to connect these moods with the weather, general business conditions, rise and fall of the stock market But the statisticians all fall down in the long run like those systems that are supposed to beat a roulette wheel One thing, however, is certain, war is good for show business. Soldiers are girl-hungry and comedians provide a relief for prolonged anxiety.

None knew this better than Leon Errol, comic star of "Louie the XIVth" and half a dozen other Ziegfeld successes. When his comic bits called for the assistance of girls he always insisted on using the very best looking girls in the company. And generally, too, he used different girls in every one of his numbers. I remember that in "Louie the XIVth," when he played the part of Louie Ketchup, the army cook, one of his laugh-pulling stunts was to pull the beautiful daughter of the innkeeper away in a clothes basket while her fat father was serving beer to the thirsty boys on the piazza. The girl who played the innkeeper's daughter was Simone de Bouvier, a very pretty and chic little French girl. Although she was one of the outstanding beauties of the company, her only appearance was made in this one little scene. Mr. Errol insisted she looked better in a clothes basket than any other of the hundred or so girls in the troupe.

But Errol did not particularly favor the smaller girls. Often he liked them tall. One of his favorites in several Follies shows was the stately Helen Herendeen, a six-foot brunette, who would attract attention anywhere, on or off the stage As if her striking beauty and her six feet of loveliness were not enough, Helen had a pet Siamese cat that she carried around with her everywhere, except actually on the stage. This cat was a tiger-striped Persian, and almost as vicious as any tiger from the Indian jungle. It was always escaping from Helen in her dressing room, hotel room, in night clubs or on train trips. Several times it severely clawed up sympathetic bystanders who tried to help Helen recover her pet. Members of the company learned to leave the cat severely alone, so that when it broke loose Helen had to retrieve it unassisted. It was an amusing sight to see her six feet of charming beauty on its hands and knees, trying to entice the cat from under train seats or cabaret tables.

Helen Herendeen quit the show business shortly before the Follies were discontinued, and never appeared in any of Ziegfeld's subsequent productions. Unlike poor "Bubbles" Wilson and other former Follies girls who continued in the limelight after their Follies days, Miss Herendeen has not been heard from since. I touched last week on unfortunate "Bubbles's" sad experience in life through no fault of her own As Mary Nolan she is still struggling bravely to support herself in motion pictures and in her side-line of running apparel shops

When some admirer hands a Follies girl an imposingly large and glittering diamond, she usually runs around that very night and gets a pawnbroker to stick that funny little magnifying glass in his eye and tell her what it is really worth. Some of these experts keep open all night, glad to give a free appraisal to a possible future customer. The diamond may be as good as it looks or it may be a "fish-eye," that is a stone with a small flaw which makes it of insignificant value for pawning or selling

Heaven help the man who hands a Follies girl a "phony" gem. She and all her friends will make it their business to advertise him as a "cheap skate" and "piker," not only on Broadway but along theatrical trails from Coast to Coast. Yet, to a certain degree, there are two similar grades of quality in Follies girls themselves. I would not call them exactly "pure diamonds" and "fish-eyes." Nor are they like grade-A and grade-B milk, because that is a matter of butter-fats. They are more like the perfect silk stockings put out by some famous manufacturer and his slightly defective ones, known as "seconds" which he must sell, as such, at a bargain or put out under another name

The Follies "seconds" rarely appeared in New York but they hopped aboard the show when it went on tour to take the places of those of us who declined to leave the white lights. One of these "near-perfect seconds" was Miss X., a stately Amazon, with legs, arms and face up to standard but just a trifle too much hollow between the shoulder blades. Fair Miss X lived like a star, saved all her salary, accumulated a magnificent wardrobe and many other things, including a certain amount of jewelry on the road by working the "hotel-bill racket" I doubt if she invented it because, as far as I know, no racket is new, but she certainly perfected the scheme and worked it for all it was worth

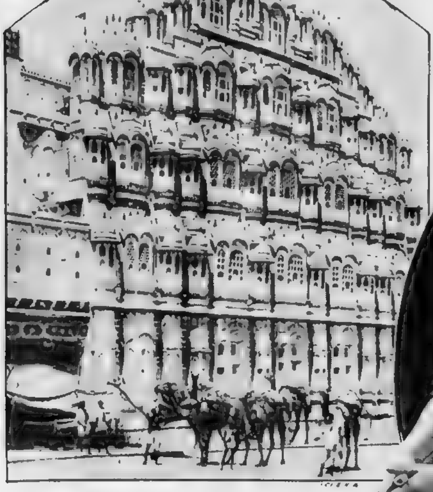
The method was delightfully simple As soon as she reached a new town, Miss X. encouraged the attentions of some local spender who knew it was going to cost him something and wondered how much. The last day of the week she told him sweetly that she could not accept presents from men but it so happened that she was just a little bit short of cash that week because her mother was in the hospital with appendicitis and she had wired almost her whole salary home If he would just take care of her hotel bill, until she could mail him a check, it really would be quite a help and she would be so grateful.

Every admirer knew that stage people get special rates and even if she had taken a rather expensive room he could not be stuck so very much for it. Follies girls don't eat much and he had paid most of her checks already A moment's calculation told him that he must be getting off

Continued on Page 14

Just Like a Prince Out of "The Arabian Nights"

His Highness the Maharajah of Jaipur, With a Fortune of $500,000,000, a $50,000,000 "Singing Palace," a Room Full of Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls and Emeralds, to Visit Us With Two of His Pretty Wives---But None of His Sacred Monkeys



The Hawa, or Hall of the Winds, a Fantastic Feature of the Maharajah's $50,000,000 "Singing Palace."

While Another Type of Indian Beauty Is the Maharani of Tikari, Shown Below

The Maharajah's Wives Are Always Veiled in Public, but How Good-Looking They Must Be Can Be Seen From This Photograph of the Crown Princess of Hyderabad, India, Who Doesn't Go Veiled.

The Maharajah of Jaipur, a Real "Arabian Nights'" Prince.

THE United States will surely be glad to see His Highness the Maharajah of Jaipur now [illegible] England and planning a visit to this country. His Highness has all the advantages [illegible] by Aladdin [illegible] "The Arabian Nights," barring [illegible] the [illegible]. The Maharajah possesses a fortune of [illegible]000,000; a $50,000,000 palace; a room full of glittering diamonds, emeralds and [illegible] "Singing Palace" that [illegible] years to build and [illegible]0,000,000, and many [illegible] such as Aladdin [illegible]red but prob[illegible] imagine.

[illegible] is happiness would [illegible]plete if he did not [illegible] charming companions to share his possessions. He [illegible] fortunate in having at least two wives, beautiful, slender, graceful Hindu girls, both Princesses of Jodhpur. The Hindu religion makes marriage one of the most sacred [illegible], to be performed at the earliest possible moment and repeated frequently. The great object of life is to leave sons, for the law of Manu says: "Through a son a man gains Heaven; through the son of a son he gains immortality; through the son of his grandson he may reach the abode of the sun."

The Maharajah belongs to one of the oldest Hindu families, perhaps the oldest, and as such performs a[illegible] duties very early [illegible].

The Americans [illegible] would no doubt be glad to [illegible] pretty little wives, but th[illegible]tive customs make them [illegible] from the public eye. However, we may catch a glimpse of them. In recent years Americans have shown that they can be tolerant towards foreigners with different matrimonial customs from their own, especially if they happen to be Princes or highly placed personages. We have broadened a little since Maxim Gorky was pestered on his visit to New York because he had not gone through a marriage ceremony with the one wife he had lived with for years. At the same time we shall prove to this Hindu Prince that ladies, who do not shrink from the public gaze, or any kind of gaze, can be very fascinating.

An enthusiast reports that both of these young Princesses "have the panther-like slimness and grace, and the dusky attractions of the most [illegible]nted houri who ever walked across the pages of 'The Arabian Nights' and gladdened the hearts of the [illegible] rulers of Bagdad." If they are anything like this, it will be a shame to deprive Americans of a sight of them.

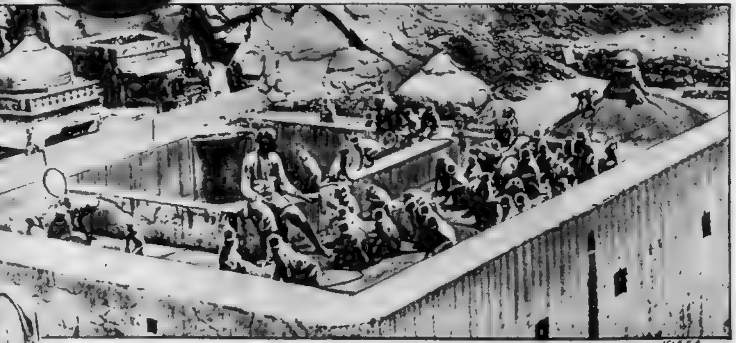
The Maharajah has as many dancing girls as he feels like and it is not considered good form to try to count them.

While the Maharajah may bring two of his pretty little wives, it is not likely that he will bring any of the sacred monkeys, who are held in peculiar reverence in Jaipur. They are, perhaps, too sacred. The Maharajah has abandoned one of his most beautiful palaces, the Seesh Mahal, or "Glass Palace," at Amber, entirely to the monkeys, where they live a delightful life, having an abundance of the finest food and complete freedom to follow their favorite pastimes. He spends thousands of dollars on their support.

A Picturesque Guard of the Maharajah

The Maharajah is a descendant of the prehistoric Hindu hero, King Rama, who lived about 8,000 years ago and who in turn descended from the sun. Rama was saved from defeat and death by the great [illegible] Hanuman, King of the Monkeys. Rama was besieged on an island and Hanuman's monkeys built a causeway through the lake by throwing down rocks from the Himalaya Mountains and marching over it to his help. Since then monkeys have been revered by all Hindus, and especially by Rama's descendants.

The young Maharajah has been in many ways like Aladdin in his luck, although of incomparably higher birth. He was born a distant relative of the late Maharajah, Mado Singh, noted for his magnificence and generosity. The late ruler was one of the Hindu Princes who attended the coronation of King Edward VII and aroused comment by the splendor of his suite and expenditures. Soon after his return he gave 20 lakhs of rupees — about $750,000 — an immense sum for starving India, as his gift to the Indian Famine Fund.



Some of the Maharajah's Sacred Monkeys—Which He Must Feed by the Thousands—Having a Lunch on the Roof of a Temple.

This Maharajah and his predecessors before him for a hundred years had no sons and each time it was necessary to pick some kinsman as a successor. So Madho Singh proceeded to select the present Maharajah in this manner. His Highness came to the throne in 1922 at the age of ten. Hitherto he had not been particularly rich and now he had literally the wealth of an Aladdin.

He needed an official title appropriate to such a position, and the one he assumed was a good one; Saramad i Rajah-Hindustan Raj Rajendra Shri Maharajah Adhiraj Sawai Mansinghji Bahadur.

The celebrations on his accession to the throne lasted for a month and throughout Jaipur more than $5,000,000 was spent in festivities, which were shared in even by those in the almost inaccessible mountain regions of the state.

The Prince rules over nearly 3,000,000 people and his annual revenues are $2,500,000. Unlike our Rockefellers and Morgans he does not have to pay any taxes, because he is a soverign. But his annual revenues are a trifle compared to what he could raise if he sold his $500,000,000 worth of jewels—not all at a time, of course, but as occasion offered.

The jewels are kept in subterranean vaults in a special building made to house them in the city of Jaipur, the capital of the country, and they are guarded by a vast body of armed men, who are entrusted with their duties father to son, generation after generation. No burglars have ever succeeded in removing any jewels from the vaults.

At the age of 18 the royal Aladdin married his first wife, and in 1931 she bore him a son. The birth of any son is a great occasion for a Hindu father, but this was especially so because of the long failure of sons in this family, as already explained. To celebrate the occasion the Maharajah outdid himself in generosity and amiability. He announced that all arrears of rents and all legal fines, which had been inflicted during the previous five years, would be remitted or paid back. Then as a crowning act of liberality he gave away his weight in gold to the poor—a sum amounting, it is said, to about $50,000.

Then last year the Maharajah, obedient to the commands of his religion, married his second wife. She was the niece of the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, who as Ranjitsinghji was one of the greatest cricketers they had ever known in England. A few weeks ago she bore his second son at Jamnagar House, Staines, Middlesex, England, where she has been staying since she went from India with her husband on his great polo-playing tour.

When at home the Maharajah lives in the most wonderful of all known houses, "the Singing Palace," in Hindu the Hawa Mahal. In fact it is called "the eighth wonder of the world." The principal reason for this is its 3,462 windows. They are so constructed that by opening them to varying degrees and in certain combinations they will play music, or even tunes as some people assert. The winds blow freely from the mountains outside Jaipur. The chief musician varies the melodies played at the Prince's pleasure by changing the degree of opening of the windows.

A few years ago when a film called "The Light of Asia" was made, the Palace of the Winds was placed at the disposal of the producers by the obliging Maharajah. Its interior is lined with exquisite mosaic work, it contains vast quantities of beautiful wood carving, its lattices are of lapis lazuli, beaten gold and precious stones. Altogether it made a splendid background for the actors wearing Oriental costumes encrusted with jewels.

The Maharajah himself headed the actors and the others were all Hindus of the highest caste. He loaned the modest trifle of $25,000,000 of jewels from his storehouse for them to wear. The famous state elephants and thoroughbred horses of Jaipur also took part in this remarkable film.

These elephants number 200. Each one is reported to be worth $25,000, and on state occasions the coverings and trappings they wear are worth more than a million dollars. These elephants receive more care than many Christian babies. Their skins are constantly oiled by their assiduous attendants so that they always shine and never have the harsh, rough appearance seen on elephants in menageries.

The customs of his country and the rules of his religion require that the Maharajah shall not leave his own domains "until he has burned Delhi." The significance is that Delhi is the capital of all India, and has long been in the possession of invaders, either Mohammedan or British, and the burning of it means that before going abroad the Prince has vanquished all neighbors and enemies and reigns supreme over them.

It is not convenient to burn Delhi just now, as the British make their headquarters there. When he wanted to go to England the Maharajah was faced with this difficulty. He solved it in truly Oriental style. He ordered a large model of Delhi made, true to scale and exact in all details. The model was placed in the courtyard of the Palace and there the Maharajah set it alight and watched it burn. Thus he satisfied the demands of his race and was able to proceed to Europe with a clear conscience.

For a time he was a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. There he excelled at hockey, cricket, running, riding, swimming and, above all, polo, which was originally the "sport of rajahs."

After attending the Cowal Highland gathering at Dunoon in Scotland, while shooting up there on an estate he had rented, he became fascinated by the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, and decided that he would put all the infantry of Jaipur into kilts.

The Maharajah recently arrived in England with 40 polo ponies, all of the highest breed produced in India. Their total value is $200,000. They are watched and cared for by a bodyguard of men, who, in their land of dreams, are known as the "Sacred Snakemen."

They form the personal bodyguard of the Maharajah. They are chosen from among the young men of Jaipur for their exceptional bravery. Before being admitted to the guard they have to undergo a number of ordeals. One of these is to stand against a large board while long pointed daggers are thrown, half a dozen at a time, within an inch or so of their heads and bodies. If they so much as bat an eyelid, they are rejected. Later they become experts in dagger play themselves. But even after they have passed this test they are called upon to handle large venomous snakes without showing fear.

"The Sacred Snakemen" must cover up their faces every time a woman approaches them, for it is feared they might not pass the greatest test of all.

When the Maharajah comes to New York he expects a season of polo-playing at Westbury, L. I., and elsewhere. He and most of his suite will be dressed in Western costume.

But his wives will be "purdah," which means that they must not be gazed upon by any man except their husband.

FREE! $10,000
IN CASH PRIZES
JUST FOR ANSWERING ONE SIMPLE QUESTION

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH

Is Only The First of 488 CASH PRIZES

To Be Awarded Next 3 Weeks To Winners of
The Simplest Contest Ever Presented To The Women of America
Duplicate Prizes To Grocers

CONTEST CLOSES SEPT. 9th, 1933
NOTE FULL DETAILS BELOW

A HOUSEWIFE HAS A BETTER CHANCE TO WIN THAN A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

Cash Prizes Offered Solely To Induce You To Try New-Type DIRT-DISSOLVING Soap Discovery Of America's Foremost Soap Makers. The Procter & Gamble Co. Want You To Try This Laundry Miracle Next Time You Wash. They Are Offering $10,000 In Cash Simply To Acquaint More Women With A Way To Get Snowy-White Wash Without Boiling or Scrubbing—To Stop Wash-Tub Fade—To Cut Washing Time In Half—To Get Bland, Mild Suds That Are Gentle To Hands

Contest Closes Sept. 9th, 1933. 488 Cash Prizes To Be Awarded For Answering One Simple Question —Read Details Below

WOULD you like to get a check for enough money to put your child through school; to cut down the loan on your home; to pay for a vacation in Europe, or—just to spend for something you've always wanted but felt you couldn't afford?

Then—just write a phrase of a few words giving your opinion of Oxydol Soap. You may win a thousand dollars cash, or, if not that, one of 487 other cash prizes.

Here is a description of Oxydol which may help you a lot in working out a phrase. Study it. Then write us a phrase telling in your own words why Oxydol is better for washing clothes than any other soap.

What Oxydol Is

Oxydol is a new-type granulated soap. The latest scientific discovery of Procter & Gamble experts. A discovery that gives sparkling white wash every time—that stops wash-tub fading—cuts washing time in half—and gives bland, mild suds that are gentle to your hands. This is how it acts.

It takes the harshness out of so-called "hard" water; the hardness that makes boiling, extra rubbing and strong soap necessary to get things white and clean.

Then, due to bland, cleansing qualities available in no other soap, flake or powder made, Oxydol DISSOLVES all dirt and grime; breaks it up, loosens it, and "suds" it away with rich, creamy suds that last throughout washing time.

HERE ARE EXAMPLES OF WHAT'S WANTED

Use These Phrases As Your Guide. We Want Them Just As Simple As These—Phrases Like Any School Child Can Write. Yet A Few Words Just As Simple Will Win The Grand Prize In This Contest

1. "I never scrub or boil clothes any more. Oxydol dissolves all the dirt out for me."

2. "Neighbors envy the way my wash always comes out sweet and clean. Theirs would, too, if they used Oxydol."

3. "My clothes need lots of rich, lasting suds in this hard water and Oxydol makes them quicker than any other soap."

4. "I always wondered how my neighbor got her clothes sparkling white — until Oxydol made mine the whitest line in town."

5. "Oxydol goes so far in this hard water. Less than half a box does for my 100 piece washing and I don't need a softener."

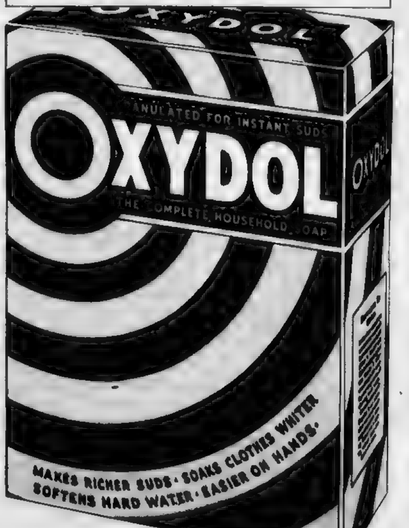
DON'T THINK YOU CAN'T WIN!

Nearly all the people who ever won the big prizes in a contest of this sort usually started out by believing they didn't have a chance. Then all of a sudden were amazed and surprised when they did.

For instance, a big magazine contest for a name was won by a housewife in a small town outside of Chicago. The Coca-Cola $10,000 prize was won by a stenographer of Anderson, Ind.

The Liberty Magazine $20,000 contest for a name was won by a commercial artist in Youngstown, Ohio.

You have as big a chance as anyone else to win one of these prizes. Read the description of Oxydol on this page, then get a box top or facsimile —then write anything that comes to your mind about how it's better for washing clothes, and mail your suggestion in. You may win!


OXYDOL
GRANULATED FOR INSTANT SUDS
OXYDOL
THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP
OXYDOL
MAKES RICHER SUDS · SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER
SOFTENS HARD WATER · EASIER ON HANDS

Thus you do your wash in water soft and gentle as rain water. With a bland, mild cleanser, NOT with skin eating, harsh, strong soap. With gentle, long-lasting suds that DISSOLVE grease, dirt and grime. It's made by the makers of Ivory Soap, so you *know* it's kind to hands. You cut washing time, too, either on board or in washing machine—half or more.

Consider what this means in saving rubbing and scrubbing, in saving your hands, in saving fine fabrics from soap fade and ruin.

Rules of The Contest

Nothing could be simpler or easier than this Oxydol Soap Contest. This is all you do

Just tear the top off a box of Oxydol. Write your name and address and your grocer's name and address on this box top. (If you can't easily obtain Oxydol, a reasonably exact facsimile of the box top will do. You don't have to buy to enter this contest.)

Then write, in your own words, *your* answer to the question: "*Why is Oxydol better than any other soap for washing clothes?*"

Send your letter, and the box top or facsimile with your own and your grocer's name and address written on it, to Oxydol, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O. Send it as soon as you can—this contest closes midnight, Sept. 9th.

Enter Contest Now —Wash With Oxydol

Enter this $10,000 contest now. Remember, a housewife who knows wash day work and good washing results is the one who will win. Society women and college professors won't know how. A phrase written in lead pencil on tablet paper is just as good as one that's typewritten or on dollar stationery. So write without delay. You may win $1,000 in CASH. Or—one of 487 other CASH prizes.

And—you'll find in Oxydol a far easier, far safer and far surer way of getting perfect laundry results. Its sudsing action in any kind of water, hard or soft, will amaze you. And when your wash is on the line and you see how fresh and white it looks, that alone will make you feel it's worth while asking for Oxydol every time.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

$10,000 IN CASH

For The Best Answers to This Question

Why is Oxydol better than any other soap for washing Clothes?

488 CASH PRIZES

Duplicate Prizes to Grocers

1st Prize, $1,000	2nd Prize, $500	3rd Prize, $250
5 Prizes of $100.00 Each	20 Prizes of $25.00 Each	100 Prizes of $5.00 Each
10 Prizes of $50.00 Each	50 Prizes of $10.00 Each	300 Prizes of $2.50 Each

All You Do To Compete For One of The 488 Prizes:

1. Tear the top off a package of Oxydol and write your name and address *and your grocer's name and address on it.*

NOTE—We ask you to do this because grocers who show the most skill in displaying and featuring Oxydol for this contest also will be awarded prizes. $5,000 in cash prizes to housewives and $5,000 in duplicate prizes to their favorite grocers, $10,000 in all.

2. Write us, in your own words, YOUR answer to the question: "*Why is Oxydol better than any other soap for washing clothes?*"

3. Send your answer, with box top enclosed, giving your own and your grocer's name and address, to Oxydol, Post Office Box Number 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

4. In event of a tie for any prize offered, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. Entries judged on truthfulness and advertising value of statements. Judges will be Katherine Fisher, Director, Good Housekeeping Inst., Sarah Field Splint, Director, McCall's Homemaking Dept., and Neil B. Nichols, Household Editor, Woman's Home Companion. The opinion of the judges must be accepted as final in all matters pertaining to the contest.

5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, Sept. 9th, 1933; prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes.

6. If unable to obtain Oxydol from your grocer, a reasonably exact facsimile of the box top will be accepted in lieu thereof.

No Procter & Gamble employees or their relatives are eligible. 11 33-A1

Secrets Behind the Scenes at the "Follies"

(Continued from Double Page)

much easier than he had feared. Therefore, with a benevolent gesture he agreed.

To prove that he wasn't knocking down a cent above the actual [illegible] Miss X insisted on his paying the [illegible] at the desk. When the [illegible] for [illegible] would be [illegible] of [illegible] but by some [illegible] corner [illegible] Miss X's friend [illegible] converging [illegible] somewhat to the gentleman's embarrassment, she [illegible] and, in a loud [illegible] someone in the lobby [illegible] them with [illegible] generous and [illegible] pay her bill [illegible] loan, of course, which [illegible].

After [illegible] with [illegible] good fellows," praised and buttered him up with flattery, he was permitted to see the bill and received the [illegible] not [illegible] far [illegible] had [illegible] week [illegible] her [illegible].

"But what [illegible] do?" [illegible] "good [illegible] before [illegible] not the [illegible] I know Miss X [illegible] wrote [illegible] learned [illegible] such [illegible].

Miss X [illegible] another who [illegible] extended to Gaye. She couldn't resist eating too much [illegible] because someone else was paying for it. [illegible] out that hollow between the [illegible] but it wrecked the [illegible] of her figure so that [illegible] "second." However, with her savings, she [illegible].

Rackets take time to put over in a big way. Miss X [illegible] all comparatively small ones, but steady. Yet [illegible] rich took a whole week. Show girls [illegible] boasting to each other of how much they are getting on the side but unless they show the plunder we don't believe them. And the first time one flashes a [illegible] we always chorus:

"F[illegible]!"

But [illegible] how one girl fooled [illegible] "Gaye." Gaye [illegible] beautiful when [illegible] the Follies, that [illegible] go, but we all [illegible] was especially [illegible] joke on the [illegible] filling her up with [illegible] of fortunes in [illegible] and other perquisites [illegible] posed to have been [illegible] on bended knees by generous sugar daddies.

For weeks she listened open-mouthed and [illegible] pathetically [illegible] any of these [illegible]. Then one day, she [illegible] dressing rooms [illegible] out a chain of diamonds. She didn't have it with her, so we winked behind her back and pretended to believe. Next evening she told us she had collected several thousand dollars' worth of fur. Again she didn't [illegible] we [illegible] her and [illegible] to other [illegible] said:

"Go on. Your tale intrigues us strangely."

A few days later she wanted us to believe that she had acquired a duplex apartment with a fortune in furnishings. We could hardly keep a straight face but someone asked who this Santa Claus might be.

"You might take him away from me if I told you," said Gaye. When we all swore the Follies girls' oath that we hope to get fat if we ever did such a mean thing, she mentioned a name unknown on Broadway. As this last installment of the story spread among the stage hands one of them remarked:

"[illegible] big shot. For [illegible] by that name. He was [illegible] A. Capone when I was down there."

Nobody paid any attention to that [illegible] the next night Gaye [illegible] is that she had been [illegible] with a car of the most [illegible] make in the world. [illegible] thought the joke had been [illegible] far enough and asked [illegible] was. She replied that [illegible] had driven her [illegible] in it.

"[illegible] Baloney! Raspberries! Go away and die!" we sho[illegible] her.

"[illegible] believe me?" she gasped.

"You have guessed it," someone told her. "We are naturally [illegible] to fool. You [illegible] that you [illegible] of Liberty on her [illegible] plausible little [illegible] But cut out these [illegible] fairy tales. No show girl [illegible] got rich that quick. You give [illegible] on our swan-like neck."

"[illegible] that so?" answered Gaye, [illegible] "I [illegible] show you." And [illegible] she did, that very night. [illegible] had all the things she had [illegible] and plenty more. Our eyes stuck out of our heads with astonishment. You could have knocked them off with a baseball bat. Yes, we had to admit it. Dumb little Gaye was the fastest worker we had ever seen. She is now rich, retired, has a social secretary and another that seems to have little to do but keep track of her jewels. Also she is so fat that she no longer even [illegible] wear black in the hope of concealing it.

Of course we girls held a "post-mortem" to figure out how this miracle had come to pass. It seemed that we had done it for her by the shameless yarns we had made her believe. We had [illegible], and she believed it, that all a Follies girl has to do is be nice to a millionaire and in return he will give her anything on the face of the earth she asks him for.

It took some time for Gaye to make contact with a rich man, mostly because she did not own the right clothes. By the most extraordinary luck the first one that came within her reach was Tony, a [illegible] man in a rum running syndicate. Tony was an Italian laborer at the time Prohibition started, and not a very good one at that, because he was out of a job, and stumbled into the brand new business of bootlegging.

Here he developed aptitude with a machine gun, had the ability to [illegible] well on dark nights and other useful talents, so that by sheer merit he swiftly rose to be one of the leading executives [illegible] syndicate which imported [illegible] from Cuba and the Island of Bimini. He had accumulated several deposit vault boxes full of more currency than he could count, but for the first few years had been too busy to take any vacation. Now he had come to New York, determined that the best was none too good for Tony. Having read that a Follies girl is the highest type of perfection, that was number one on the list of luxuries which he was going to have.

When by accident he was introduced to Gaye she immediately fulfilled another thing he had read, namely, that Follies beauties are very expensive ladies. Gaye demanded everything she could think of, which he considered quite as it should be. In fact, had she been at all reasonable in her demands he would have doubted if she was the real thing. Thus, each acted exactly as the other had been led to expect. Alas, all millionaires are not like that. Far too many are more like old John D. Rockefeller, from whom the most a girl can pry is one thin dime.

A Follies girl is at a disadvantage in a place where one would least expect in court. Everyone knows that a moderately good looking woman, by putting on a [illegible] sweet, forlorn and abused expression, can usually convince judge and jury that her husband or whatever man she wants money from is a villain for making her look that way. Although [illegible] beautiful woman, [illegible] Follies girl is, should [illegible] as effective in [illegible] and jury but somehow [illegible]. Nobody seems to know [illegible] courts are rather stingy in handing out breach-of-promise and alimony plums to show girls.

Perhaps for [illegible] most of the [illegible] out of court, and [illegible] Follies girl is wise she collects a [illegible] down payment on the profits she hopes to make out of matrimony before marrying her rich man. Also the masculine generosity is sadly different before and after taking his bride. An example of this profound matrimonial truth appeared in the recent case of my friend, Peggy Fears.

I remember little Peggy Fears in the 1926-27 Follies, when she had just enough of a voice to do a number with the juvenile, Irving Fisher. It was the famous feather number and the song hit was "Florida, the Moon and You." Peggy and Irving sat on a bench [illegible] the Florida moon and [illegible] before our parade of feathers appeared. Ziegfeld [illegible] in Peggy's [illegible] seem to be strong enough to carry throughout the theatre. She was in the [illegible] short time when Paulette Goddard was given the [illegible]. Paulette couldn't sing, but she looked [illegible] there under the [illegible] moonlit scene.

Peggy [illegible] very little to do in the [illegible] saw very little of her. It was not long, however, before Peggy and Blumy (Mr. A. C. Blumenthal) became engaged and Peggy did not need her job any more.

Blumy is one of those little fellows with a big bank account. He has done some theatrical producing and is in real estate, but where his fortune came from in the beginning I never heard. But why should a show girl be interested in where a man's money comes from? The answer is that she is not.

It should have been Peggy's business to nail down some of Blumy's "excess profits," as the income tax gentlemen call any real profits, before marriage. And this should have been easy, because he was so crazy about her beforehand that he was not satisfied to have the ceremony performed by any ordinary person, but [illegible] the late Mayor Walker [illegible] knot toward the [illegible] administration. I don't know what she did in the way of precautions, but Peggy [illegible] Blumy gave her his fine big mansion in Larchmont, N. Y., as a wedding present. If so, she [illegible] have made him give her a deed to the property and recorded it before Jimmy spoke the fatal words.

Because Peggy neglected these business details there is now a lot of trouble. When Blumy's ardor cooled, not long after the honeymoon, he seems to have changed his mind about that house. One day, she says, he went to New York and decided not to come back. Though she sang, "Lover, Come Back to Me" over the telephone to him, he wouldn't. He wasn't a lover anyway—he was a husband.

This was annoying, but what was worse, he didn't pay the bills any more. There was Peggy with a mansion on her hands, a flock of servants, and nobody's money to keep it going with but her own. She pawned some of her jewels and managed somehow for a while. Then, one day she returned from New York to find that Hubby had come back just long enough to padlock the place and plant two husky detectives on the porch with orders to keep her out.

Peggy called on her friend, the local chief of police, who threw the detectives out and got the Follies girl into her not-very-happy home. But that does not prove that the courts will give the house to her in the final settlement of the rumpus. For all she knows it may be another of those "peaces without victory," which make marriage such a lottery.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Smooth Off Ugly Freckles, Blackheads Nature's Way

Here is an inexpensive quicker way to skin beauty [illegible] tested and trusted by women for over a generation. You can whiten, clear and freshen your complexion [illegible] black heads, freckles [illegible] Nadinola [illegible] Nature [illegible] freckles, blackheads [illegible] You [illegible] white, satin smooth [illegible] NADINOLA [illegible] only 50c at your dealers, or send 50c to NADINOLA, Dept. [illegible], Paris, Tenn.

Rules for Food Planning

THREE rules to follow in planning food for the family are interestingly set down by Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, as follows:

First—Everyone should have every day a quart of milk or its equivalent in cheese, cottage cheese, or such dishes as custards, ice cream, cocoa, milk toast, in creamed soups and vegetables.

Second. Everyone should eat every day two salads of fresh, raw, uncooked fruit or vegetables. It is well to plan to eat one of these at luncheon or supper and the other at dinner.

Third—Everyone should have every day one liberal serving of some cooked green leafy vegetable, such as spinach, kale, cabbage, water cress or turnip or beet tops.

When you have provided conscientiously for food according to these rules you can, in most cases, let the appetite be the guide for the rest of the food which the family will eat. A good-sized diet containing liberal quantities of the protein foods is the best plan to follow.

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Remarkable new invention makes safest tire ever built 3 times safer from blow-outs

HEAT INSIDE THE TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN-COLORED PLY RESISTS HEAT PREVENTS BLOW-OUTS

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THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL. YOU MAY BE NEXT.

NO EXTRA COST TO PUBLIC

THIS is probably the most vital single announcement ever made about a tire. It's the story of an amazing invention that will save thousands of lives . . . maybe *your* life . . . and prevent thousands of those accidents that kill or injure people.

How People Are Killed

For years auto speeds have been increasing. Today the whole nation is hitting it up. Big car or small, they go 60 now.

And when the speedometer reads 40, 50 and 60—mile after mile . . . the heat inside the tire carcass becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . *inside the tire*, where you can't see it . . . And grows. Like an insidious tumor, it gets bigger and bigger . . . Until BANG! A blow-out! The rim hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in . . . Like some unseen monster pulling your car off the highway!

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To protect you from blow-outs every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing new Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists terrific heat. Fabric and rubber don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. As a result blow-outs are prevented before they even start.

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted three times as long as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These Silvertowns *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone—but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give.

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WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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The Eye of the Dragon

By Herbert Jensen

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THE CHANG WO, a coasting [illegible] on its second night out from Hongkong en route for [illegible] suddenly staggered by a [illegible] explosion. Its force throws [illegible] Perry over the side and into one of the ship's-boats which has unaccountably already been lowered.

In the boat are Ling, a Chinese [illegible], and Hugh Jernigan, the [illegible]. A moment later [illegible] Grannis comes sliding down a [illegible] and the boat pushes off as the steamer sinks. Harkins, cockney steward of the Chang Wo, is [illegible] in the water.

[illegible] draws a gun and takes [illegible], ordering Ling and Harkins [illegible]. [illegible] next day they are [illegible] by a Chinese junk.

Marsha, Harkins and Jernigan [illegible] in a cabin. Through the wall they hear Lee Woo Fong, [illegible] junk berating Grannis [illegible] the Eye to [illegible] explains that the [illegible] and sug[illegible] away with the three [illegible] they are probably [illegible] responsible for the [illegible] of the steamer.

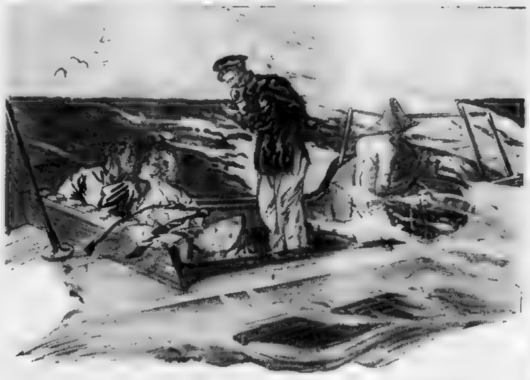
[illegible] arrives at the island [illegible] covered [illegible] and Lee's [illegible] Chinese hears their [illegible] of the sinking of the Chang Wo [illegible] them they [illegible] guests in his pagoda until [illegible] locate the sunken hulk.

After Lee departs Jernigan assists Marsha and Harkins to escape from the pagoda and leads them to the ship's-boat. The [illegible] by Grannis, follow [illegible] driven off. Jernigan explains that the monks dare not fire [illegible] for fear of damaging the Eye of the Dragon, an [illegible] and sacred jade which Grannis has stowed away under the stern seat. The Chinese believe the [illegible] of their country began with the disappearance of the Eye during the Boxer uprising. Lee, a [illegible] and powerful Chinese patriot, is sworn to restore it.

The jewel was in the safe of the Chang Wo, guarded by [illegible] its way to Russia. Grannis [illegible] the vessel to cover his theft and is now planning to double-cross Lee and sell it to the highest bidder. Jernigan finds the Eye under the stern seat wrapped in a [illegible] bag and puts a stone in its place.

Lee returns and guarantees them safe passage to the [illegible] when the Eye is in his possession.

They go to the pagoda [illegible]. Grannis bursts in with the monks at his back and the [illegible] hand. [illegible] discovers the jewel is not in the bag. Grannis takes Jernigan to the compound to torture the secret of the gem's hiding place from him. Jernigan is trying to bargain for Marsha's safety when he sees Harkins crawl behind a statue.



Hugh Grinned Widely. "S'elp me," He Mimicked. "Better myke the present a good un, cockney. You're to be best man, y'know!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Hand to Hand.

IN THE compound Grannis' laugh echoed evilly as he bent over the prostrate Jernigan.

"You love this girl Marsha, eh? Well, that is good news. Capital news! Lie where you are; quit your squirming. You're going to have a front seat in a good show. We'll have her dragged in here so you can watch. When you hear her squeal, perhaps you'll think about more bargains to make . . ."

He was moving toward the building entrance to the right.

"Grannis!" exclaimed Hugh from thickened throat. "Grannis——"

The man's mocking laugh came from the doorway. Hugh twisted his body so that he faced the sound. He saw his enemy disappear into the building.

Hugh blinked his eyes to clear them of the perspiration. He half raised to face the nearer pedestal.

"Harkins!" he called desperately. "If you heard—"

"I 'erd, guv'nor! Gawd, wot a stinkink blighter!"

The body of the little man appeared, crawling like a crippled animal. His pallid face and filmed eyes told Hugh that the cockney was close to unconsciousness. Despite the pain of his aching sides, ignoring the thongs that knifed his wrists, Hugh strained his muscles in awkward rolls toward the other.

The American rolled twice. He looked toward the cockney. The little man lay face downward, arms outstretched.

"Harkins!" he half screamed. "Up, man! You've got to make it. Up!"

Harkins' face slowly uprose from the flagstones. It was like a bleached mask. Blue eyes, bleared with approaching unconsciousness, looking blankly forward. Hugh rolled again. His body lay against that of the cockney's.

"Knife under my robe," he cried hoarsely. "No, no . . . other side. That's it. Rip the blamed thing! Try, Harkins, try! That's the chap . . .!"

The hands fumbled weakly at the black cloth. Hugh felt the knife slip away from against his side.

"The bleedin' sticker's out, guv'nor, but I cawn't ryse it up." His voice was barely a whisper. "I cawn't get it up, s'help me. Sorry . . ."

He felt the little body relax against him; it lay like an inert lump pressed against his side. Harkins had fainted. Hugh twisted his hands about, searching for the knife. It eluded his numb fingers. He felt a coolness against his forearm; then the sharp pain of the knife's edge slicing against the flesh. He had his hand upon the haft. He strove to twist it—to get the edge against the ropes.

A shadow passed between him and the sun. He heard an ejaculation of surprise and anger. A sound struck at his eardrums—he recognized it as the click of a revolver being cocked. There was a short feminine scream. He twisted his head.

Grannis stood over him. In his hand he held a revolver outstretched and pointed at the body of Harkins. Behind him, held by the arms by two monks, was Marsha Perry. Her hair was dishevelled; it made a golden corona against the sun. Her face was pale; her eyes, wide with fear, were burnished sapphires.

Grannis brought the revolver level with his eyes. He squinted slightly, his finger tightened upon the trigger.

"Hugh!" called Marsha in a strangled voice. "Don't let him——"

"Grannis!" cried Hugh. "The Eye!" The man's cold glance shifted slightly to meet Hugh's upturned face. "It's hidden in the ship's-boat . . . I replaced it after you took the substitute!"

As Hugh rolled away from Harkins so that he might better face Grannis, he heard Marsha gasp her relief. Grannis lowered his weapon. He stared intently at Hugh, who met his gaze unflinchingly.

"In the boat, eh? Clever," he murmured.

He thrust the revolver within the Chinese robe he still wore. He reached downward, and grasped Hugh by the cloth about his shoulders. Hugh was amazed at the man's easy strength; he was pulled to his feet like a straw-stuffed dummy. His ankles bound above his numb feet, made it difficult to stand. He stood, swaying against the support of Grannis' arm.

"You hid it in the boat." Grannis' gaze bored into his eyes. "You're not lying, are you?"

Almost Hugh could watch the thoughts swinging in the mind of his enemy. Would he insist that Hugh accompany him to the ship's-boat on the beach below? Hugh dreaded the possibility. For beneath the soles of his feet was hidden the knife that Harkins had dragged from under his robe. One step, and even the small hope that the knife might be useful would be taken away.

He met Grannis' stare with studied indifference. He permitted his face to take on a downcast appearance.

"I'm not lying," he muttered. "What's the use. You'll find the jade in the boat." He looked up hopefully. "Cut me loose, Grannis. Take me along with you. I'll show you."

Grannis withdrew his support abruptly. Hugh swayed perilously, but managed to keep his balance.

"No fear," snapped the other. "I've enough of your tricks. I'll recover the Eye myself."

Hugh had won his gamble. Grannis would leave him here. He wondered if he would be permitted to stand unmolested while Grannis went for the jade. The next instant would tell.

He watched his enemy turn toward the monks who held Marsha. His lips parted as if he were about to give them some instructions; whereupon his eyes widened. He stared as if fascinated through the gateway toward the patch of sea that glittered beyond the jetty. Hugh followed his gaze.

Upon that sea, sailing slowly toward the island, was a junk. A cluster of men grouped upon the high poop and were straining at a gigantic steering sweep. The thought flashed into Hugh's mind that here was the monks' supply boat approaching; instantly, however, he realized that were this the supply junk, its appearance would cause no such excitement as was shown by Grannis' manner.

Grannis cursed, and took a step or two toward the gateway. He turned uncertainly toward the monks who held Marsha; he glanced at Hugh. Suddenly he ran forward through the gate. Hugh saw his figure leap down the trail. At that moment Hugh understood. It was not the supply junk. It was Lee's ship returning from the diving expedition at the wreck of the Chang Wo!

Swiftly words tumbled from Hugh's lips.

"Marsha! . Lee's junk coming up to the jetty. Grannis gone for the Eye. Don't speak—don't even look at me! They don't understand English. Can't tell what they'll do in the next minute if they know their game is up . . .

"Grannis will try to get away in the speed-boat. For us the Eye is still number-one joss. Must get it. I'm standing on a knife. Relax. Faint. Do something. Make them loosen you. Jump for me; get the knife, cut me loose. . . ."

Marsha screamed shrilly. The monks turned in startled surprise. One stepped away from her. The other stared with hanging jaw, his grip loose upon her arm. She twisted away and outward. Her hand smote the man upon the face. He recoiled. She flashed toward Hugh.

Up swept the knife. His hands hung free at his side. She was sawing at the thongs that bound his feet. He saw the monks moving toward him. Another monkish figure appeared at the gateway. The guard! The man ran in, his rifle thrust forward. Hugh took two steps forward. His feet were [illegible] The half-severed thongs tripped him. He went down upon a knee. The rifle blazed above him. One of his ears went blank with the roar. The hair on his temple was singed by the flame. He had the barrel in his hands. He jerked the weapon loose from the guard. Reversing the gun he brought the butt up under the guard's chin in a crushing blow.

The two monks were upon him. He thrust them away. He could not bring the muzzle to bear upon them. They were too close. He swung the reversed weapon in a short, chopping blow. He felt the butt hit the shaven skull of the nearer. The man dropped like a bundle of wet rags. His companion screamed as he saw the gun's butt lift above him. There was a sharp smacking sound as the heavy walnut stock struck his temple. The American dropped the rifle.

Hugh panted, "Marsha . . . drag Harkins behind the statue at the gate. Take the rifle. Use it if you have to; Lee's men will clean up these monks in short order. Trust Lee. He'll play the game, I think. But don't let the monks get near you."

He moved toward the gate. His feet felt as if they were not his own. His progress was hardly more than a shuffle.

"Hugh!" called Marsha. "Where are you going? Oh, please . . . don't go . . ."

Hugh's grin was twisted. "Can't stay," he explained. "You'll be all right with the rifle. Watch out, that's all. Take care of Harkins. I'm paid to watch that blamed Eye . . . and Grannis mustn't get it."

He was through the gate. Behind him he heard Marsha's cry of protest. He stumbled down the trail toward the jetty, cursing his wooden feet that seemed afire with pain.

Grannis was racing along the beach, away from the ship's-boat. He'd got the Eye, then, thought Hugh, as he hobbled toward the little wharf. They were both headed for the same objective but from different directions. Hugh gritted his teeth, striving to will strength into his protesting muscles. It seemed impossible to beat Grannis in the race to the speed-boat. Hugh's remaining hope was that the craft would not start readily, or that something unforseen would delay Grannis.

He gave a swift glance at the junk that was drifting clumsily up to the end of the breakwater extending from the wharf. There was the barest chance that the vessel's bulk might block the narrow entrance. But the crew of the junk could not know of conditions on the island. They would endeavor to allow the speed-boat to pass them if it were possible, not knowing that perhaps it might contain their master, Lee.

Hugh reached the beach as the speed-boat's engine burst into a roar. He saw Grannis' figure leaping over the mahogany decks, throwing off the lines. The craft drifted away from the dock. Life was returning to Hugh's feet with stabbing pains. He veered across the beach and scrambled atop the breakwater. He ran over the leveled stones toward its end. The junk was almost in the entrance but toward the farther side. Grannis would be forced to drive the speed-boat close to the projecting point of the breakwater.

With roaring engine, and with twin plumes of spray spurting under the hull, the craft headed toward Hugh. With incredible rapidity the waxen face of Grannis approached him. Hugh was yards from the end of the breakwater. He put the last ounce of strength into his legs. He was conscious that Grannis was erect behind the craft's windshield. He steered with one hand. The other held extended his revolver. Hugh saw the weapon jerk. There was no sound of the reports. The roaring engine overlay all other noises.

The brass cutwater of the craft was yard away. The varnished decks were opposite and outward. Hugh plunged. He was in the air, diving. He crashed onto the deck. The tiny flagpole upon the stern kept him from rolling into the boiling wake. The craft swerved sickeningly. He saw the varnished flanks of the junk flash by. Startled faces gaped over the low rail.

He lunged forward. He tried to reach for a hold. He missed. His left arm was paralyzed. Blood and seawater drenched the back of his hand. One of Grannis' bullets had hit him. He was not conscious of any pain.

It was Grannis' looming body that broke his fall. He felt blows raining on his face; he tasted blood upon his lips. His enemy was hitting at him with the barrel of his gun. Hugh locked his arm about the other's neck. He wondered why the man did not shoot. The gun was empty; that was it.

With his sound arm he clutched Grannis. His enemy lunged forward. Hugh felt the windshield [illegible] back. He [illegible] Grannis evidently was trying to [illegible] Hugh saw [illegible]

(Continued on Page 17)

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The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BILL BARTLETT, police reporter on the Times-Star, is in love with Lillian Voyne, a co-ed at the local State University. He drives her to the campus to keep a date with Mal Jannings, student chimesmaster of the Campanile, the tall white tower overlooking the campus.

It is 9 o'clock and growing dark as Bill passes the Campanile and the chimes ring out. In the middle of the selection they stop, there is a pause and then a pistol shot. The reporter rushes to the Campanile's one door, only to find it locked.

Bill waits at the door until the arrival of Ed Kyne, police captain of detectives, and his assistant, Sergeant Lorrimer. They enter and find Mal Jannings' body on the bell platform, a .32 calibre bullet hole in the left temple.

There is no gun, there are no powder burns on his forehead, and no nearby building is high enough to have harbored the murderer.

They search the Campanile. It is empty. No one has entered or left since the shot, yet Jannings must have been murdered by someone or something in the tower.

A checkup reveals that Jannings entered State on forged credentials. From James Wilson, manager of Mal's fraternity house, Kyne learns that the chimesmaster was rushing Ann Michaels, most popular girl on the campus. Wilson also had a crush on Ann, and hated Mal.

Bartlett twits Kyne about the possibility of Dr. C. Edson Hawley, criminologist and professor in the science department, being called into the case. Dr. Hawley and his modern scientific methods have confounded Kyne on previous occasions.

Ann Michaels states that she was in a class until 9 o'clock. When it was dismissed she met Dr. Hawley, who drove her home. The criminologist confirms Ann's alibi.

Anxious about Lillian, Bill hurries to her apartment and is telling her he loves her when Kyne and Lorrimer walk in.

Kyne has a note found on Janning's body. It is signed by Lillian and asks Mal to meet her at the Campanile at 9:15. A search of the apartment reveals a .32 calibre revolver with two exploded shells.

The following day James Smythe is found murdered in the offices of Brock and Smythe. Hilda Lund, the shyster lawyers' secretary, tells Kyne and Bartlett she discovered Smythe sprawled on the floor, a bullet hole in his left temple, when she opened the office at 10 a. m. She suspects Whitey Atwater, a professional gambler, killed Smythe as she once heard him threaten the lawyer's life. Kyne finds the murder bullet, a .32, embedded in the wall. Abe Brock, Smythe's partner, was on a train from Los Angeles the night of the murder. Kyne orders Whitey Atwater's arrest.

It is discovered that a girl giving the name of Lillian Voyne called Smythe shortly before midnight and asked him to meet her at his office at once. The watchman saw him go into the building at 12:10. As Bill entered Lillian's apartment at midnight and was there until Kyne and Lorrimer arrived, he does not see how her gun could have been used.

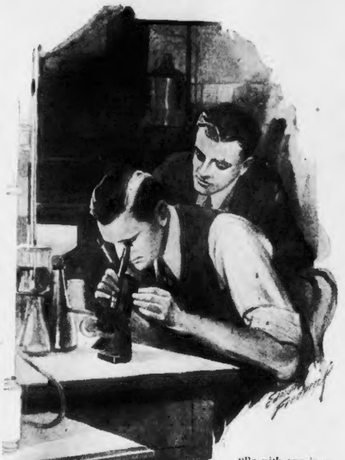
Kyne has the bullet taken from Jannings' head, the one from Smythe's office, and one fired from Lillian's gun.

Bill filches the bullets and takes them to Dr. Hawley, who has been retained by the college authorities to investigate the case. The criminologist photographs them and finds they were all fired from the same gun.

The reporter finds Ann Michaels drinking when he arrives at Lillian's apartment. Ann almost collapses when she learns the police are after Whitey. A moment later the gambler walks in and orders her to go home. She obeys meekly.

In the struggle to capture Whitey, Lillian sides with the gambler and almost knocks Bill out with a candlestick. He succeeds in disarming Whitey, however, and calls Kyne.

Lillian denies knowing Brock or Smythe. She tells Bill she doesn't know who killed the two men or if Whitey or Ann are involved, but admits telephoning Smythe. Whitey Atwater escapes as he is being taken to jail.



"Be with you in a moment, Bill," the Doctor Said Abstractedly. "I identified some lint a little while ago."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Another Killing.

THERE was no response to Bill's knock on the door of Hawley's office. He tried the knob, found the door unlocked and went in. The office was deserted. He crossed to a door marked "Private" and knocked again. A cheerful voice told him to come in.

The criminologist's laboratory was on the top floor of the Chemistry Building. It was a large, well-lighted room, its broad windows looking out on Campanile Square, on the buildings to the north and the brown hills beyond. The room itself was so crammed with scientific apparatus of every conceivable kind that Bartlett always entered it with dread; it wouldn't be nice to knock over a retort and have it explode in your face.

Dr. Hawley was peering into a large microscope and did not at once look up. Bartlett found a chair; it was dusty and was wedged between a rack of chemical compounds and something that looked like an elaborate but outmoded radio set. He sat down and waited the doctor's pleasure.

Hawley looked around finally, saw him and nodded, and again glued his eye to the microscope. "Be with you in a moment," he said abstractedly. "I identified some lint a little while ago."

"Lint?" Bartlett asked, puzzled.

"Yes. From Jannings' coat and trousers. Kyne let me have them for an hour this afternoon."

Lint! Now what could Hawley get out of that? Jannings' suit had needed brushing, perhaps. What more?

"I dropped into the office of Brock & Smythe this afternoon," Hawley said, still intent on his microscope.

"Yes?"

"Most peculiar shade of red in that rug. Notice it?"

"I recall it was red."

"Very odd shade. Nearer to henna than red. Still, not quite enough brown for henna. Most peculiar shade."

"Well, what of it? How did the color of Smythe's rug bear on the shooting of Mal Jannings?"

"Jannings was in that office recently," Hawley said.

"Huh?" the reporter gulped.

"Yes. Lint from the rug. On the cuff of his trousers."

"Oh."

Just then it didn't seem of much importance. What matter if Jannings had visited the office of Brock & Smythe? If one conceded that the murders were related, it was only logical to suppose that the two murdered men had dealings together. That much, Bartlett told himself, could be assumed without resorting to microscopy. He was disappointed.

"What are you looking at now?" Bartlett asked.

"Dust...Dust from the floor where Jannings body was found. ...Very interesting."

Dust! Looking at dust through a microscope. Very interesting, indeed! Bartlett's feeling of disappointment mounted.

And then he began to think back over investigations Dr. Hawley had conducted, and he recalled that this was the criminologist's usual method. A lot of apparently irrelevant puttering with test tube and microscope and then— Bang! Out he popped with a deduction that nearly knocked you off your feet.

He had a sense of the dramatic, too, had Dr. Hawley. He didn't announce his deductions at just any old time. He waited until the moment was propitious and the stage was set. He built up his scenes with due attention to climax...Lint from Smythe's rug. Dust from the Campanile. ...Perhaps he was leading up to something vital and important. Who could tell?

There was a timid knock and Hawley, with a muttered imprecation, left his microscope and went to the door. He opened it and Bartlett saw Abe Brock. The unkempt little man was deathly pale. His hands shook as he stood twirling his hat. He had been ill that morning; now, certainly, he was ready for a hospital.

"Dr. Hawley?" he asked.

"Yes," the doctor said irritably.

"I'm Brock. Abe Brock."

"Brock? Oh, yes! Of course! The late Mr. Smythe's partner." Hawley was cautiously friendly. "What can I do for you, Mr. Brock?"

"I want to talk to you," Brock said hoarsely.

"Yes?" Hawley was polite but not too cordial.

"About Jim Smythe," said Brock.

"Oh, yes. Please come in."

Brock's beady, blood-shot eyes came to rest on Bartlett. He shook his head and took a soiled handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the sweat from his pallid face.

"No," he said. "Alone, please. I want to talk to you alone."

Hawley looked dubious. It was apparent that Brock was far from a normal man at the present moment. He was laboring under some terrific strain. Fear, anger, horror, a guilty conscience— Bartlett could not tell.

Hawley's eyes narrowed as he regarded the distraught attorney. He said very calmly, nodding toward Bartlett.

"I can vouch for my friend. I assure you, Mr. Brock, you may feel at liberty to talk before him."

Brock vigorously shook his head. "No. I talk to you alone, or else I don't talk."

Hawley's distant smile said plainly that he didn't care whether Brock talked or not, and perhaps even preferred that he wouldn't. But he said steadily: "Very well, Mr. Brock. We'll go into my office. Excuse me, will you, Bill?"

"Quite all right, doctor," Bartlett said, while he thought rebelliously that it wasn't quite all right at all.

Brock and Hawley went into the office. As the doctor turned to close the door, he caught Bartlett's eyes and gave an almost imperceptible shake of his head. It was almost as though he said, "I don't think much of this. Stand by, will you?"

The door closed and Bartlett swore under his breath. The little shyster didn't have to be so secretive. What did he know that was so important? He had been on a train all last night when the murders took place. Oh had he?

"That conductor and porter seemed pretty positive," Bartlett mused. "Still...He might have left the train...had an airplane handy...flew up here and ...No! that's absurd. No man would ever plan to commit a crime that way. Too easy to meet a porter or a brakeman while he was getting off the train, or while he was getting back on it...

"Still, that business of being sick, staying up all night. Might have done that deliberately to establish an alibi. Might have made a lot of trouble for the porter and asked a lot of fool questions of the conductor, just so they'd be sure to remember him. But if he did that...No, that's out. If he was on that train, he couldn't have been up here shooting people. Not when those killings were three hours or more apart. No, it's out."

All at once Bartlett was conscious that the palms of his hands were moist and his heart was pumping furiously. He felt as though, while watching a gripping scene in a play, the lights had suddenly gone out. What was going on behind that door? What was Brock spilling?

He got up and walked nervously to the window and stood looking out at the tall white shaft of the Campanile. His eyes came to rest on that high balustrade, behind which, while he rang the chimes, Malcolm Jannings had been shot to death.

A voice rose in the room beyond. Bartlett swung around, head bent a little forward, straining to catch the words. Brock! Yes, it was Brock's voice, excited, half hysterical. But the words were unintelligible.

The voice was lowered. Bartlett stood staring at the door and felt it pulling him like a magnet. Should he eavesdrop? No. Plenty of people called him a snooping news hound. Perhaps he was. Reporters had to descend to snooping on occasion. But he'd be blamed if he'd eavesdrop.

He took out a cigarette. It dropped from his nerveless fingers as he heard Dr. Hawley cry:

"Brock! For heaven's sake!"

Bartlett was leaping toward the door as the shot rang out.

CHAPTER XXV.

Conflicting Opinions.

BARTLETT'S heart was in his mouth as he flung open the door of the office. If Brock had shot Dr. Hawley, the crazy little fool might—

A cry of relief broke from Bartlett's lips. Dr. Hawley was in the act of leaping from his chair, overturning it and starting around his desk.

On the other side of the room, near the door to the outer hall, Abe Brock was stretched on the floor. He lay without moving, face downward. Blood was gushing from a hole beneath his left shoulder blade.

Bartlett and Hawley reached him at the same instant. They bent together, too shocked for speech. They turned Brock onto his back. The little attorney's eyes were wide open and glazed. He was quite dead. The bullet had entered his left breast and gone clear through his body. The gun which lay by his side was an Army model .45 Colt.

Hawley's voice was shaking. "The bullet must have passed through his heart. He never moved after he fell."

Hawley stood up slowly. His knees were trembling and he looked white and unnerved. Though he dealt with crime, it was perhaps the first time he had ever come so close to violent and sudden death. Of the two men, Bartlett was much the cooler.

"Poor devil!" the reporter said. "I had a hunch something like this would happen. The man was crazy. I've been on pins and needles ever since you came out here with him. And when I heard that shot—well, I thought, Doc, you were a goner sure."

Hawley swore with quiet vindictiveness. His mouth was working and there was a baffled, helpless look in his gray eyes as he groaned:

"Why, in heaven's name, did the fool have to pick my office to kill himself? With the whole wide world to choose from, why did he have to come here?"

The doctor's eyes were full of angry resentment as he stood looking down at the pot-bellied, grotesque little man whose blood still flowed and soiled the clean and polished floor.

Bartlett felt surprise; he had long ago come to the conclusion that Dr. Hawley was a man without emotion. Now he knew differently. Though the emotions he displayed might not be creditable, they nevertheless revealed him as a human being instead of the steely-hearted man of science the world had pictured.

Now, for instance, he seemed to feel no pity for little Abe Brock. His first and only thought was of himself.

"I hate it!" he was saying. "I hate the mess, the notoriety. Oh, I don't mind publicity, Bartlett. I even like it in a mild way. But notoriety is a different matter. People will point me out on the campus. They'll say, 'It was in his office that Brock shot himself to death.' They'll flock up here. They'll make excuses to see me. The morbidly curious, Bartlett. How I hate them!"

He turned then with a slow shrug. He seemed to get a grip on himself. "I'll phone the police now."

As he picked up the telephone, he nodded toward the gun which lay beside the dead man. "Don't touch that gun, Bill, or the body. Leave everything just as it is."

"Don't worry," Bartlett said weakly.

Just at that moment he was not touching anything. He had completely lost interest in mundane matters; the gin he had drunk at Lillian's was still gnawing at his stomach, and the sight of so much blood nauseated him. He turned away and went to the window and threw it open. He stood there, lips compressed, hoping he wouldn't be sick.

The doctor finally got Captain Kyne on the telephone. "This is Dr. Hawley, captain," he said. "Please come up here immediately. Abe Brock has just killed himself in my office. . . . Thank you."

He hung up the receiver and looked around at Bartlett. "What's wrong, Bill? Going to lose your lunch?"

"Didn't have any to lose," Bartlett said wanly. "What happened in here?"

Dr. Hawley shivered. His color was coming back but he was still unnerved. He shook his head.

"I'd rather not talk about it right now," he said. "Let's go

(Continued on Page 17)

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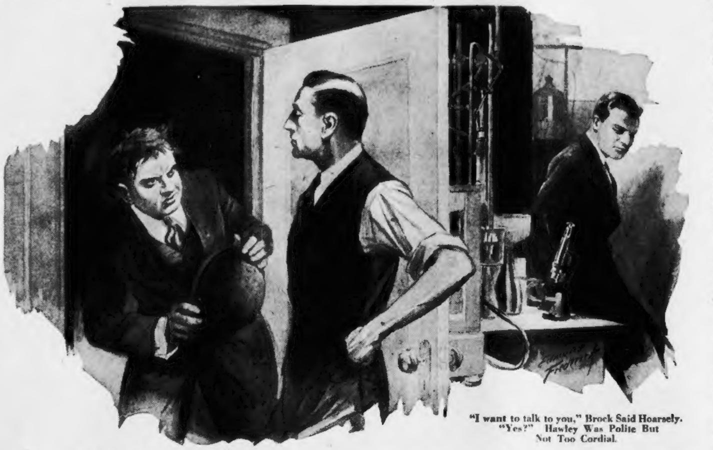
The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 16)



"I want to talk to you," Brock Said Hoarsely. "Yes?" Hawley Was Polite But Not Too Cordial.

into the laboratory. I imagine we won't be disturbed until Kyne gets here. The building is deserted at this time of day. If any one outside heard the shot, they probably ascribed it to an automobile backfire."

Hawley opened the door to the laboratory and stood waiting. Bartlett went in, still feeling no great interest in events. Hawley closed the door and, plainly trying to get his mind away from the gruesome business of the suicide, said with affected casualness:

"What have you been doing all day, Bill?"

Bartlett groaned. His stomach was still protesting and he didn't feel like talking. He said feebly:

"Good heaven! What haven't I been doing? Just about everything, taking it all in all. It's been one busy day. Yes, Doc, one blamed busy day. And it isn't over."

"Why do you say that? Your last edition has gone to press, hasn't it?"

"Yes. But editions don't mean much to me now. As long as anything is breaking on this case, I've got to be on the job. I wish things would quiet down for a while."

Hawley gave him a wry smile. "I wish things had quieted down a half an hour ago," he said with a sigh.

There was a little silence. Hawley finally looked over to the instrument which Bartlett had decided looked like a large and outmoded radio set. He pulled open a door and revealed a small turntable. He took a phonograph record from a drawer, put it on the turn-table, started it and adjusted a dial.

Bartlett watched him wonderingly. Was the man going to liven things up with a bit of jazz music? Then he heard, from a loud speaker in another part of the laboratory, a fast and rhythmic "Ker-chunk, ker-chunk, ker-chunk, ker-chunk." He listened and that was all he heard: "Ker-chunk, ker-chunk, ker-chunk." He looked questioningly at Hawley. The doctor had the pleased air of a small boy displaying a new toy.

"The heart beat of the musca domestica," said Dr. Hawley.

"The which?"

"The musca domestica. The common house fly."

"Oh."

To a scientist, this was probably great stuff, Bartlett decided. Personally, he found it pretty poor entertainment.

The loud speaker suddenly roared like a tri-motored transport with opened throttle. The roar died and Hawley said pleasantly:

"He flew away."

"Mr. Musca Domestica?"

"Yes."

Bartlett felt like asking who cared?

"Want some more?" Hawley asked.

"No, that's plenty."

"Still feel sick?"

"No, I'm all right."

Hawley had certainly succeeded in making him forget his nausea. Bartlett said after a little:

"I saw Ann Michaels this afternoon."

"Yes?" Dr. Hawley seemed only politely interested.

"She was drunk."

"What?" Hawley looked incredulous, even startled.

"She was drunk."

"Ann Michaels?"

"Yes."

Hawley shook his head with calm, definite finality. "You must have been mistaken, Bill."

"No. I wasn't mistaken," Bartlett spoke rather testily. "She was in Lillian Voyne's apartment. She'd been drinking and she was pretty well oiled up when I got there."

"I didn't know Ann and Miss Voyne were acquainted." Hawley was polite but dubious. "And I never heard of Ann's taking a drink."

Irritation gave Bartlett's voice an unpleasant ring. "She was not only drunk," he said, "but Whitey Atwater, this gambler who is mixed up in the case, came in and gave her the deuce. And she took it, like a nice little girl."

Hawley was amazed. "It's incredible!"

"Atwater finally ordered her to go home and she went. Without a word. Walked out of the apartment like a beaten pup."

Hawley looked at Bartlett as though he wondered if the day's events had not unbalanced that young man's mind. "Miss Michaels is one of the most independent young women I ever knew," he said. "I cannot picture her taking orders from any one, certainly not from a common gambler."

Bartlett's irritation mounted. "I guess it must have been a couple of other fellows," he said sarcastically.

Hawley's smile made allowances. "Surely you could have been mistaken, Bill."

"The girl was Ann Michaels or her twin. And if she fooled me, she also fooled Atwater and Lillian Voyne, both of whom addressed her as Ann. Are there two girls by the name of Ann Michaels who look exactly alike?"

Hawley shrugged. "It is possible that there are two girls who look enough alike to be mistaken for each other."

"And both with the name of Ann Michaels?"

"One of them," Dr. Hawley slowly said, "might be masquerading as Ann Michaels."

"Huh?" Bartlett's nausea, now, was completely forgotten. "Say, there's a thought!" he cried. "Why not? The girl I saw today looked enough different from the Ann Michaels I saw last night—" He checked himself abruptly, stood slowly running his fingers through his hair.

"Well?" said Hawley.

Bartlett shook his head decisively. "It's impossible. Lillian Voyne knows the real Ann Michaels. Lillian was in her apartment last night. And if there are two girls, Lillian would know it. She'd have told me."

Hawley smiled faintly. "Do you think that Lillian Voyne," he asked steadily, "has told you everything she knows of this case?"

Their speculations were at that moment interrupted by a sharp knock at the outer door.

"Probably the police," said Hawley.

They went out into the office and the criminologist admitted Kyne and Lorrimer. The captain looked tired and harassed. There were lines in his face which had not been there the day before. He needed a shave. There was no alertness in his pale blue eyes.

He stood regarding Brock's body for a little time. Finally he raised his eyes and looked at Bartlett. There was a wan smile on his lips but his voice was edged as he said:

"You just happened to be on the spot again, eh, Bill?"

"I was in the next room," Bartlett said distinctly.

Captain Kyne sighed and shook his head. "I wish," he said, "that I had your faculty of bein' around when things like this take place. . . . Well, doctor, what happened?"

Hawley told him how Brock had called and insisted upon talking to him alone. Brock had sat down in that chair near the door and Hawley had sat down behind his desk. Brock had been greatly agitated. He had fumbled with his hat, wiped his face with his handkerchief, squirmed in his chair. Finally he had demanded to know who had killed his partner.

"Naturally," said Dr. Hawley, "I was forced to tell him I did not know. We argued for some little time, Brock insisting that I must know who killed Smythe and I repeatedly affirming that I did not. I could see plainly the man was not himself. In fact, he gave me the impression of being frightened half out of his wits. I might even go so far as to say the man was insane with fear."

"Afraid that whoever killed Smythe might kill him?" Kyne questioned.

"Yes. That's the way I took it."

"Maybe he was acting," Kyne said.

"How do you mean?"

"Maybe he wasn't afraid of that at all. Maybe he was afraid that you—or the blunderin' police department—might have linked him with these murders. Maybe he was afraid we'd blasted his alibi."

"Have you?" Bartlett asked belligerently.

"No, Bill." Kyne's smile was enigmatic. "Not yet."

Hawley said thoughtfully: "That may be true, captain. All I can say is that the man appeared frightened. As to the cause of his fear, I cannot say."

"But he came up here and tried to pump you."

"Yes," said Hawley.

"And you told him you knew nothing."

"Yes."

"And then what?"

"Well, as I say, he argued with me and finally became rather absusive," Hawley said. "To be frank with you, captain, I was afraid of the man. I believe his nervous system was naturally a bit unbalanced. He was half hysterical as he accused me of, as he put it, holding out on him. I finally got a bit hot under the collar myself. I told him he would have to leave my office. He leaped out of his chair, and cried:

"'All right, I'll leave.' Before I realized what was in the man's mind, he had pulled a gun out of his pocket and held it to his side. I shouted at him, tried to startle him into pausing for an instant. But he didn't. He pulled the trigger. He dropped instantly and never moved. I imagine the bullet passed through his heart."

Kyne stood looking reflectively at the body on the floor. After a little time he glanced up at Hawley and said:

"If I asked you to ascribe a motive for this suicide, what would you give? Basing the answer, of course, solely on what Brock said and did while he was in your office?"

Hawley considered for a moment and then said thoughtfully: "Temporary insanity, induced by fear."

Kyne slowly nodded. "Yes. I guess that was it." He looked at Bartlett. "Bill, I'm afraid you're not much of an investigator."

"Still worrying about that alibi?" the reporter demanded testily.

"Not worrying, exactly. But just doubting that it'll hold water."

"Those two trainmen, the porter and the conductor, will swear that Brock was on their train all night," Bartlett asserted.

"It wouldn't be the first time men had perjured themselves," Kyne said with a slow smile.

"You think Brock bought them off?" Bartlett asked quickly.

"I don't know. I only say he might have bought 'em off. On the other hand, he might have used some ruse to deceive 'em. Maybe a dummy."

"A sick dummy?"

Kyne ignored the sarcasm. He stood ruminatively for a little while, stroking his chin. Then he said to no one in particular:

"I got a strong hunch that our friend Abe Brock committed those murders. I think we're nearing the end of the case."

Hawley nodded affirmation. "I think so, too, captain. But the end I have in view is quite different from yours."

"Yes?"

"I don't believe Abe Brock had anything to do with the murders. In fact, I have excellent proof that they were committed by another person entirely."

It was plain that Kyne burned with curiosity; plain, too, that he was too good a sport to ask questions. Bartlett, however, had no scruples in that regard.

"Who have you got under suspicion?" he asked.

But Hawley smiled and shook his head. "Until I have definite proof, I don't feel at liberty to tell you. I can say this much, however. The person I have under suspicion is no outsider. He has been involved in the case from the beginning."

Kyne could not forebear a bit of sarcasm. "The murderer," he said, "has naturally been involved in the case from the beginning."

"I should have said publicly involved," Hawley answered.

Who, Bartlett asked himself hastily, had so far been publicly involved in the case? While Kyne, his interrogation of Hawley over, called the coroner's office, Bartlett quickly penned a list of names on a slip of copy paper. The names were:

Lillian Voyne   Ann Michaels
Whitey Atwater   James Wilson
Hilda Lund

He showed the list to Hawley. "Is the name of the person who killed Jannings and Smythe on that list?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dr. Hawley.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Jungle Terror

By M. L. Benson

A Gripping Story of Love and Lost Treasure

The Eye of the Dragon

By Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 15)

water streaming past, a foot from his face. It was nearer; he was sliding toward it.

The pain became unbearable. He released his grip on Grannis and flung out his arm. He clawed at the leather seat. His hand closed about a hard object. Instinctively he brought it up within his fist, and pounded at the inexorable pressure that was crushing him. He could not see very well. Lights were flashing behind his eyes. He struck again and again. His head touched the water; it was nearly snapped from his neck by the force of the streaming sea.

He spun in a welter of spray. The spume clogged his throat and nostrils. He felt the sea close about him. Struggling for breath, he tried to kick and claw his way to the surface. There was no strength in his muscles. A diminishing roar throbbed in his ears—the vibration of the receding speed-boat. His lungs were bursting; he knew he was choking. The sea became gray, then black. He remembered no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

Conclusion.

LEE WOO FONG was a man of many talents. The varied pattern of this mental proficiency was never so apparent as it was to Hugh Jernigan at this time, while he reclined, comfortably cushioned, in the rear cockpit of the speed-boat. The pixie features of Harkins grinned at him over an abundance of similar comfort. It was the cockney who was speaking of Lee's talent of gratitude.

"You're a gryteful bloke, Mr. Lee," said the little man. "Wot wi' givin' us each enough tin to pynt the bleedin'—excuse me, lydy—the world red, I mean, I in't s'ying we don't deserve somfing, Mr. Lee—"

Marsha, from the seat behind the Chinese pilot, smiled across the wheel to Lee, who stood upon the wharf.

"If it hadn't been that he crawled from the pagoda down to the monk's compound yesterday...I believe that Harkins is the real hero of the adventure."

"I am grateful to each of you," said Lee. A faint smile touched his lips. "While my junk arrived in a most timely fashion to take care of those mad fellows in the monastery, nevertheless, Jernigan— You are a persistent fellow, Jernigan. My men tell me that when they dragged you from the water, it took the strength of two of them to pry your fingers away from the Dragon's Eye."

Marsha's smile left her face. "I don't want ever to hear of it again," said she, with a little shudder.

"Doubtless you won't, Miss Perry. Unless, of course . . ." Lee smiled a little obscurely ". . . through China's performance you observe its influence. Again I thank you, Jernigan. I will bid you good-by now, and bon voyage . . . I have a task—a duty—to attend to."

As Hugh watched the Oriental's eyes, suddenly become bleak, understanding came to him. He thought he knew what that duty was. He turned his glance upon Marsha and Harkins to observe if they, too, had appreciated the latent menace in Lee's words.

Yesterday, by a deftly malicious stroke, Fate had robbed Grannis of his two most precious possessions — the jade Eye and his liberty. Hugh wondered a little amazedly at the chance that had put the Eye of the Dragon into his wildly clutching hand. He speculated, too, upon the justice that closed upon that ruthless fellow when the speed-boat's gasoline tanks went dry, but a mile or two off the jetty of Po Tao, with Grannis in the cockpit unconscious from the beating administered by the jade ball in the hand of Jernigan.

(Continued on Page 18)

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Protect the Pet With Balanced Rations

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SOME years ago, the writer addressed the Farm Institute in a large western agricultural state. On the platform beside her, was the girl about thirteen years old, who had raised the prize pig in her state. "Buster" was his name, and in very clear and simple language, she told how she had raised Buster to prize pighood.

He had so much buttermilk, so much corn, so much of this or that grain or food. He was given this ration at regular intervals, and his trough and surroundings were kept much cleaner than is usually done. In short, Buster was a prize pig because he was fed right.

I have often used this instance to point a moral that all too many families are not fed right, but merely eat, and that never in my long career has any woman come up to me and said, "Mrs. Frederick, I want to show you my prize husband. I feed him so much spinach, tomato juice, protein and starch, in short, I provide my family with a correct perfectly balanced ration." Not at all, the average family is not given a ration, and that is probably the main distinction between it and feeding a pet, whether that be a dog, cat, canary or goupy.

What is meant by a ration? It is a combination of foods properly prepared which provides the necessary nutriments in proportions balanced for correct and healthful growth. It is neither too much nor too little of any single food element. The balanced ration, for animals as well as for man, provides proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins, with a certain amount of roughage. Naturally, the amount of the balanced ration to be given depends on the age, the point of growth, and the occupation or exercise that the individual follows.

Feeding the family pet calls for intelligence, restraint and a knowledge of food values. Experts have estimated that the majority of diseases and ills to which animals fall heir is due to overfeeding and underexercising. We could say the same thing of us humans! It is quite true that all too many people totally ignore the proper and limited amount of food which an animal requires to keep him in good condition. Overfeeding of puppies and kittens brings its own disastrous results.

Before you undertake the responsibility of a pet, find out exactly what feeding ration and daily care is best suited to its particular type and class. There is as much variation between feeding a pekinese and a collie as there is between feeding a sedentary clerk and an active postman! The toy dog naturally demands more delicate fare and less of it than the husky outdoor shepherd or setter. So, too, does the beautiful Persian require more attention to its diet than does the alley cat with its fabled nine lives and wider range of danger and exercise.

I do not pretend to be an expert on pets, but I do here make a plea for their more intelligent feeding, just as I have been pleading for years for more intelligent family feeding, as opposed to mere cooking and pandering to appetite. My friends tell me that their pedigree puppies require almost as strict diet as babies, and that only by feeding at proper intervals and in proper amounts will a healthy, normal puppy be raised to be a joy around the house.

Newly weaned puppies should be fed five times a day, older pups four times, and young dogs nearing ten months of age two or three times daily. Any changes in diet should be made gradually, as sudden change always disturbs the digestive system. Teething upsets the puppy almost as much as it does the child.

Probably the greatest single error in feeding dogs is to give them excess meat, particularly in hot weather. In their natural wild state, dogs, whose ancestors are wolves, ate much raw meat and thrived on it. But the modern dog, like the modern man, lives under totally different conditions of a heated atmosphere in the house, less exercise, etc.

The dog in the private home lives best on a mixed diet. That means a certain amount of meat, meat extractives and bone, together with the right carbohydrates such as oatmeal, rice, bran, but never potatoes; also the vitamins which supply just as much pep to the puppy as to his baby-master.

And while the pet does not enjoy a salad or most of the fruits we like, it has been found that cod-liver oil with its precious vitamin B, the sunshine vitamin, is just as essential for the growing puppy as the baby. Absence of this element in the diet allows runty, underweight, weak-boned or harsh-hided animals *to develop.

It has been proved that pups from the same litter, even when runty at the start, make fine progress and grow into large healthy animals if sufficient minerals are provided in their diet. When vitamins of the right kind are lacking, young animals stop growing and mature animals become old prematurely.

The thrifty housewife with a pet is often under the illusion that table scraps are good enough for any dog. But table scraps contain too many things which are just entirely wrong from the pet point of view, scraps contain cake, sweets, the wrong fats, potatoes and other household foods unfit for animals. The best way to utilize table scraps is to put the family itself on an undersupply of food, and make everyone scrape their plates clean! The average culinary fats for frying, and sweets, cakes or sugars are particularly unwholesome for the pet.

The cat, too, is a carnivorous animal, but here again a restrained feeding will result in a more glossy coat, and antirachitic conditions, or in common words, better bony structure, just as with the dog. Whole series of experiments have been carried on in laboratories showing the growth curves of rats fed on various rations. Radiographs of their bones have proved that vitamin D is absolutely necessary if animal bones are to become straight and the animals mature specimens.

The owner of a pet, unlike the poor housewife can purchase a balanced pet ration in cans or containers. Would it not be grand, one of these scorching evenings, if we, too, could open but a single can and offer it to the family for dinner instead of being under the necessity of standing over a hot stove and broiling a steak, frying potatoes, steaming squash and making a peach, shortcake!

It would surprise the pet owner perhaps, to learn of the care and strict science and high sanitary standards which obtain in the food factory which makes a canned ration for the family dog or cat. Here are the same vast cauldrons used to process any soup or food for human consumption. Here are sacks and bins holding the required cereals in scrupulous cleanliness. Here are the automatic vats which pack the resulting mixture or ration, practically without the touch of human hands.

Meat extractives are an important element in any pet food. There has been some unjust prejudice against using the meat of the horse for this purpose, or for human food. Strange indeed, when the horse is an animal whose feeding is remarkably clean—oats, grains and hay—and who is a particular feeder in contradistinction, let us say, to the gluttonous and wallowing pig.

Muscular tissue in horse meat looks and tastes much like any of the cheaper beef cuts, and it will surprise many to know that Holland, France and other countries use tons of scientifically cured horse meat which provides the highest nutritive extractives. It forms the basis of the best balanced rations for the pet.

Canaries, goldfish and the popular goupy all have their special feeding demands. If it is lettuce and a raw apple for the canary which furnishes its necessary vitamins, it is green seaweed for the fish. These, too, may have their perfect ration scientifically prepared by the experts of the food factory.

In very hot weather, especially when all foods are subject to taint and spoil, the very safest plan is to feed the pet its own particular packaged ration and leave scraps and table feeding entirely alone. At the camp, the seashore or Summer cottage, the canned ration is the only safe way in which to provide right diet for four-footed friends.

And in actually feeding the pet and not cooking for it, the housewife may realize more fully what scientific feeding will do for her own family, and thus cut down the number of courses, simplify her cooking, and put her housework on a vacation schedule with more time and leisure for herself.

The Eye of the Dragon

By Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 17)

They had taken Grannis ashore and up to the pagoda, to which, presently, Lee would return. Hugh banished from his mind thoughts of what would occur at that interview between Lee and his faithless agent. Lee had other talents in addition to the one of gratitude. The very justice of the island master's ethics would assume that Grannis' life was forfeit. Hugh realized that Lee's problem was to decide by what method Grannis' traitor's obligation should be paid. As the speed-boat's engine broke into a throaty roar, he shook his head as if to break the distasteful train of thought.

He smiled at Marsha as the craft roared away from the wharf. They shot by the end of the breakwater. They plunged over the short swells of Hangchow Bay. Behind the creamy wake the island of 'Po Tao shrunk until it became a misty, smoke-wreathed blur. Hugh lay back in his cushions, content to watch the wind and sunlight weave patterns in Marsha's hair.

But Hugh's absorption did not content the observant Harkins. With an impish grin upon his face, the little man shouted, "Hi, guv'nor, d'ye know wot I'm goin' to buy wi' the first bit o' tin out o' Lee's check?"

"What, you nuisance!" called back Hugh good humoredly.

Their voices, shouting above the thrum of the speeding engine, caused Marsha to turn smilingly to face them.

"A wedding present, guv'nor, that's wot! Strike me pink if I don't!"

Hugh grinned widely. "S'elp me," he mimicked. "Better myke it a good un, cockney. You're to be best man, y'know!"

The color that flamed in Marsha's cheeks was never put there by the salty wind that whipped her face, nor yet the rays of the afternoon sun. Her sapphire eyes were misty with unspoken promise.

THE END.

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Care of the Teeth

GOOD, sound teeth are one of the most important requisites of good, sound health; and health is a blessing for which there is no exchange.

Now there are three main considerations to be borne in mind in carrying out a program for a healthy mouth.

First, you must have a proper diet; second, you must give your teeth daily and regular care; and, third, you must visit your dentist at periodic intervals.

Now let us speak first of the regular, daily care of the teeth, and why that is so important.

Medical authorities agree that the mouth is an almost ideal place for germs to enter the body—not only the germs that make for dental decay, but also those of very serious diseases. So convinced are they, in fact, that such is the case, that Dr. Mayo says that 60 to 70 per cent of diseases can be traced to the mouth.

Now it stands to reason, of course, that sound, clean, whole teeth will harbor far fewer disease germs than those that are dirty or decayed; and so the attacking power of the lesser number of germs in the clean mouth will be far lower than that of the greater number of germs in the unclean mouth.

Give the teeth regular and proper care every day. Brush them and massage the gums morning and night and after meals, and—to paraphrase an old saying—you will go far in burning your bridges before you—for you will not need artificial bridges in your mouth! You will have taken a big step in keeping your own thirty-two teeth well and safe in your head.

Another important element is regular attendance at your dentist's. Money spent in this way, quite apart from the saving of misery, pain and sickness which such visits may prevent, is an investment in money saved. Once you have let your teeth go badly, so that long and elaborate dental treatment is necessary, it will be far more expensive for you than the comparatively inexpensive periodic visits when early damage may be discovered before it has seriously advanced. A child should visit the dentist regularly as soon as he becomes two years of age. The care of the baby, or temporary, teeth very greatly determines the condition of the permanent teeth. Decay and other bad conditions in these first teeth contribute materially, not only to an inferior set of second teeth, but to the general ill health of the child.

I have saved the matter of diet till the last—for in this instance, literally, the last should be first; first, that is, in the very making of your teeth which should come before you can ever visit a dentist, before you can even hold a toothbrush; before, indeed, you are born! The enamel of all baby teeth and of the first permanent molars is formed before birth, and the minerals necessary to build these teeth must be supplied by the mother's body. For this reason an expectant mother should eat plenty of teeth-building foods before her baby is born to insure their proper and healthy development.

After the baby is born, and thereafter throughout life, the diet must provide all the materials needed to build and maintain sound teeth. Teeth are living tissues, and so, like the rest of the body, they need nourishment. Physicians say that everyone should have daily a quart of milk; greens, leafy vegetables, fruits; Vitamin D, found in egg yolk, cod-liver oil and sunlight; butter and cheese; whole grain bread and cereal; eggs, meat and fish. Moreover, the teeth and jaws must be exercised, so some of this food must be provided in a form which requires thorough chewing.

In conclusion, let me sum up—for good teeth, keep your teeth clean, visit your dentist regularly, eat proper food, protect your general bodily health.

PROMPT RELIEF

For sufferers from itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and all forms of disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with **Cuticura Ointment.** It quickly soothes and soon heals.

Price 25c and 50c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

Cuticura
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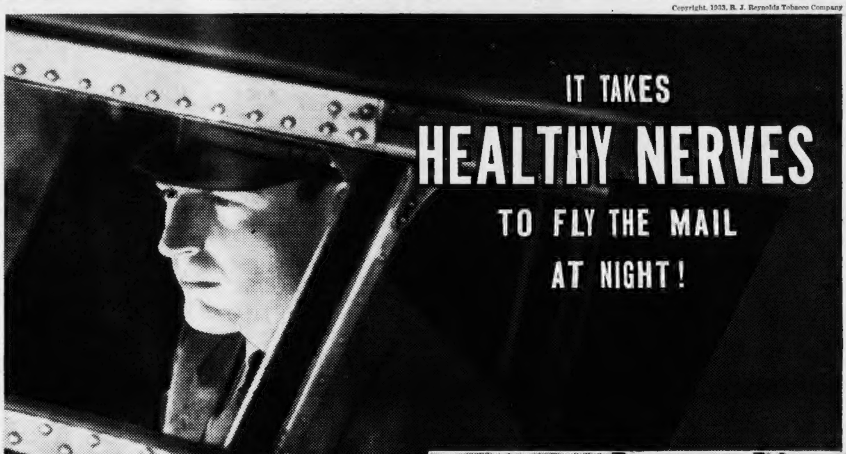


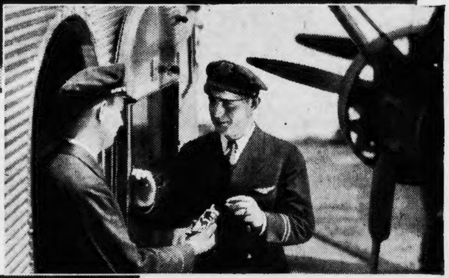
IT TAKES

HEALTHY NERVES

TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT!

● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.



● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each refueling stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.

A MATCHLESS BLEND

STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, being a night hawk on the air mail. A man has to have healthy nerves to live up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

○ ○ ○

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never tire the taste—never get on the nerves.

Your taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today and prove it for yourself. It *is* more fun to know!

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

GRAY HAIR *these days!*
NOT FOR ME!

"I don't have to—and I won't worry everytime I spy a gray hair in my mirror. My smart friends touch up wisps of gray with Farr's instead of trying to tuck them out of sight." FARR'S is easy to use in the hygienic privacy of home; harmless as your lipstick, odorless, not sticky; will not rub off or interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave; leaves the hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL, full of youthful lights and shadows women love. Youthful clothes won't offset faded hair. Keep it lovely with FARR'S.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

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STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR ....

Quick Relief for Itching Disorders

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DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other nonsectarian magazines combined?

Economical Tasty Pickle Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Peach Pickles.

INGREDIENTS: Six pounds clingstone peaches, 3 pounds sugar, 1 pint vinegar; spice bag containing 1 tablespoon mace and allspice, a piece of cinnamon and 6 cloves. Mix sugar and vinegar and bring to boiling point. Add spice bag and drop peaches into boiling syrup. When a clean wooden skewer may be stuck easily into peaches remove from syrup and pack in sterilized jars. Boil syrup until thick and pour over peaches.

Ripe Cantaloupe Pickles.

PEEL 12 cantaloupes (not too ripe), remove seeds and cut in quarters. Cover with vinegar and let stand 24 hours. Pour off vinegar. To each quart of fresh vinegar add 3 pounds of sugar, 3 ounces cinnamon, 2 ounces cloves and 2 ounces allspice. Boil until thick, skim well and cook melons in the boiling syrup for 20 minutes. Remove melons and boil syrup until thick. Place the melons in sterilized jars and cover with the boiling syrup. Seal as usual.

Stuffed Pickled Pears.

CUT 24 large, perfect pears in halves and remove cores with a sharp knife or French vegetable scoop. Fill cavities with a mixture of ginger root, pieces of cinnamon and a few cloves. Secure the halves together with toothpicks or stick of cinnamon. Mix 1 quart of vinegar, 1 quart of any desired fruit juice, 7 pounds of sugar and a spice bag containing 2 ounces each allspice and cinnamon and 1 ounce each cloves and mace. Boil the syrup for 45 minutes, remove spice bag and cook pears in the syrup until they are tender. Remove pears to sterilized jars. Cover with the hot syrup. Let stand overnight. Then drain off juice and boil until it forms a thick syrup. Add pears and bring to boiling point. Remove pears to sterilized jars and fill to overflowing with the boiling syrup.

Cauliflower Pickles.

INGREDIENTS: 1 cauliflower, 1 cup small button onions, 1 or 2 sweet red peppers, ½ cup salt, 1 quart vinegar, 2 tablespoons mustard, ¼ teaspoon turmeric. Cut cauliflower and seeded pepper in small pieces and put in earthen vessel with onions. Sprinkle with salt and add water to cover. Let stand overnight. Drain well. Add mustard to vinegar, bring to boiling point. Add vegetables and boil until cauliflower is tender.

Cucumber Pickles.

SOAK 1 peck cucumbers for two or three days in brine strong enough to float an egg. Dill pickles may be used if fresh cucumbers are not available. Rinse, soak in clear water over night, changing the water at bedtime. Scald in alum water (but do not allow to boil) for about an hour. Rinse and soak in clear water an hour. Boil 2 quarts vinegar with 5 pounds brown sugar, 2 tablespoons each turmeric, whole cloves, whole allspice, 5 sticks cinnamon and 5 or 6 pieces of white ginger root. Add cucumbers and boil until clear and tender.

Mustard Pickles.

INGREDIENTS: 1 quart sliced cucumbers, 1 quart small cucumbers, 1 quart small onions, 2 heads cauliflower (broken into flowerettes), 1 minced green pepper, ½ cup salt, 2 quarts vinegar, 3 cups light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons turmeric. Cover vegetables with salted water and let stand over night. Cook in same water until tender. Drain well. Mix other ingredients and cook until of consistency of paste. Add the drained vegetables to the paste and continue cooking gently until thick.

Emergency Pickle.

INGREDIENTS: 2 bunches chopped celery, 3 chopped red peppers, 3 chopped green peppers, 1 quart ripe tomatoes, 2 quarts sliced green tomatoes, 1 small hard head cabbage (finely chopped), 1 cucumber (seeded and chopped), 2 finely chopped onions, ½ cup salt, 1½ quarts cider vinegar, 2 pounds light brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon white pepper. Sprinkle vegetables with salt. Let stand overnight. Drain well, add vinegar, sugar and mustard and pepper and cook gently until clear. Seal in sterilized jars.

Stuffed Bell Pepper Pickles

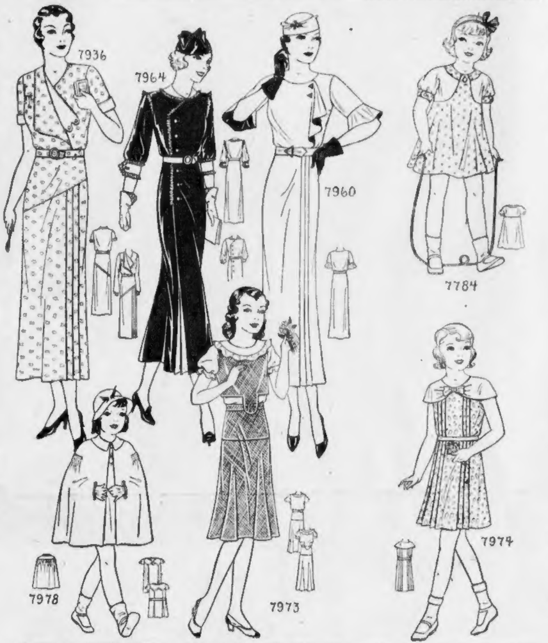
(U. S. Department of Agriculture Method).

INGREDIENTS: 4½ pints of chopped white cabbage (1 medium-sized head), 2 dozen bell peppers, green; 1 gallon spiced vinegar, 3 tablespoons white mustard seed, 2 tablespoons celery seed, ¼ cup salt. All measures level. Sprinkle cabbage with ¼ cup salt and allow to stand for 4 hours. Squeeze dry by placing in muslin bag and twisting tightly. Thoroughly mix with the cabbage the mustard and celery seed. Select sweet bell peppers of uniform size, cut off the top and the stem, remove every seed, stuff peppers with the cabbage, replace top and stitch firmly with needle and coarse thread. Place stuffed peppers in stone jars, pouring over them enough boiling spiced vinegar to cover thoroughly. Allow peppers to remain in vinegar six weeks before packing in glass jars. Use fresh spiced vinegar for packing. Process packed jar 15 minutes.

Spanish Pickle.

INGREDIENTS: 1 quart chopped or ground cabbage, 1 pint chopped or ground white onions, 1 pint chopped or ground sweet green peppers, 1 pint chopped or ground sweet red peppers. Distribute ½ cup salt over these chopped ingredients and let each stand in separate bowls for 4 hours. Squeeze in muslin bag until they are free from juice. Place all ingredients in porcelain-lined kettle with 4 tablespoons mustard seed, 2 tablespoons celery seed, 1 quart vinegar, 1½ pounds granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon allspice (unground), 1 tablespoon cloves (unground), 1 stick cinnamon. Spices should be tied in bag. Boil mixture for 10 minutes. Pour into jars. Seal while hot.

American Weekly Patterns



A POPULAR HOUSE DRESS STYLE FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7936). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 44 with short sleeves will require 4⅞ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material.

A SMART MODEL FOR SPORTS OR GENERAL WEAR (7964). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½ and 38), and in 40 and 42. Size 16 if made as in the large view will require 4 yards of 39-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and belt; also 3⅝ yards of machine plaiting.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY (7960). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 38 will require 4⅞ yards of 39-inch material. To line cuffs and face revers will require ⅜ yard of 39-inch material.

A SEASONABLE CAPE ENSEMBLE FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7978). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 will require for the cape and dress 3¼ yards of 35-inch material and 1⅛ yards of 35-inch lining (for the cape).

AN UP-TO-DATE DRESS FOR THOSE EARLY SCHOOL DAYS (7973). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material for bolero and skirt and 1¼ yards for the waist.

GIRL'S DRESS (7784). Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 35-inch material for skirt and trimming and ⅝ yard for the waist.

GIRL'S DRESS (7974). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Corn Omelet, Graham Muffins. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Oranges. Bacon or Salt Mackerel. Corn Muffins. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Creamed Eggs on Buttered Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal. French Toast. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Poached Eggs on Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Frizzled Dried Beef and Eggs, Popovers, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal. Coffee Roll, Coffee.
Luncheon Spaghetti Italienne, Banana Salad, Crackers. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Creamed Tongue (Left-Over) or Okra Gumbo, Boiled Brown Rice, Tomato Salad. French Dressing, Coffee Cake, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Jellied Fruit Salad with Honey Cream Dressing. Ice Box Rolls. Iced Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Celery Hors D'Oeuvres. Left-Over Lamb and Rice Croquettes, Savory Sauce, Corn Bread. Fruit Trifle. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Veal Patties (Left-Over Veal), Succotash, Ice Box Rolls, Date Custard, Iced Punch.	*Luncheon* Favorite Hors D'Oeuvres or Baked Macaroni, Potato Salad, Rolls, Apple Trifle, Iced Tea.	*Dinner* Jellied Tomato, Bouillon. Fresh Salmon Hollandaise, Potatoes. Asparagus, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing. Peach Sponge with Raspberry Sauce. Cake. Coffee.
Dinner Boiled Tongue, Olive Sauce, Paprika Potatoes, Buttered Squash, Emergency Salad, French Dressing, Peach Meringue.	*Dinner* Pot Roast of Lamb. Mashed Potatoes. Asparagus with Drawn Butter Sauce, Pineapple and Mint Salad.	*Dinner* Cold Left-Over Lamb. Delmonico Potatoes, German Carrots, Salad of Green Peas. Watercress and Asparagus Tips. Chocolate Roll with Foamy Sauce.	*Dinner* Veal Loaf with Noodle Ragout. Lima Beans, Tomato and Cucumber Salad. Cream Cheese, Crackers, Jelly.	*Dinner* Baked Stuffed Fish, Lemon Garnish, Green Peas or Asparagus, Red Cabbage Salad, Pineapple Sherbet, One Egg Cake, Coffee.	*Dinner* Broiled Steak, Butter Sauce, Steamed Rice, Favorite Green Salad, Caramel Bavarian Cream.	*Supper* Peanut Butter Bread Sandwiches, Apricot Marmalade Cup Cakes, Iced Cocoa.

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KILLS AS EASY AS
WATER ROLLS OFF A DUCK'S BACK
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Dr. Seuss

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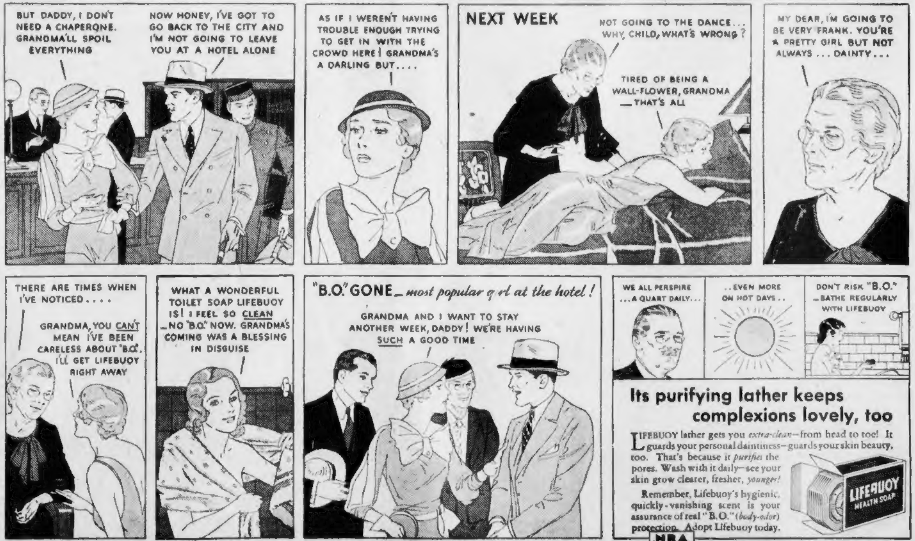
BUT DADDY, I DON'T NEED A CHAPERONE. GRANDMA'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING
NOW HONEY, I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO THE CITY AND I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU AT A HOTEL ALONE
AS IF I WEREN'T HAVING TROUBLE ENOUGH TRYING TO GET IN WITH THE CROWD HERE! GRANDMA'S A DARLING BUT....
NEXT WEEK
NOT GOING TO THE DANCE... WHY, CHILD, WHAT'S WRONG?
TIRED OF BEING A WALL-FLOWER, GRANDMA — THAT'S ALL
MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK. YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL BUT NOT ALWAYS ... DAINTY...
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I'VE NOTICED....
GRANDMA, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." I'LL GET LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY
WHAT A WONDERFUL TOILET SOAP LIFEBUOY IS! I FEEL SO CLEAN — NO "B.O." NOW. GRANDMA'S COMING WAS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE
"B.O." GONE — most popular girl at the hotel!
GRANDMA AND I WANT TO STAY ANOTHER WEEK, DADDY! WE'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME
WE ALL PERSPIRE ... A QUART DAILY...
..EVEN MORE ON HOT DAYS..
DON'T RISK "B.O." — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its purifying lather keeps complexions lovely, too

LIFEBUOY lather gets you *extra-clean*—from head to toe! It guards your personal daintiness—guards your skin beauty, too. That's because it *purifies* the pores. Wash with it daily—see your skin grow clearer, fresher, *younger!*

Remember, Lifebuoy's hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of real "B.O." (*body-odor*) protection. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

Now is the time for everyone to stand behind the President NRA "We do our part"